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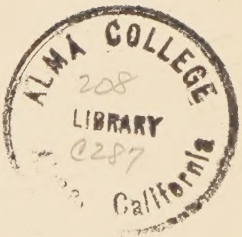

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CATHOLIC PROGRESS
UNDER
QUEEN VICTORIA

A NATION and an Empire mourn the loss of the well-beloved Sovereign whom it has pleased God to call away after a long reign, glorious beyond compare. The Catholic subjects of the Queen have special reason to grieve. Loyal all Catholics ever must be, if true to the teaching of the Church —loyal they have been in past history, even when suffering and persecuted—and this last reign has been a period of peace and prosperity unknown to them for centuries. Under Queen Victoria they have been able to breathe and walk without fear, and to speak freely. And with freedom assured, churches have been multiplied, clergy and religious have increased, and Catholic

children have been taught in their own schools throughout the country.

A few brief statistics of Catholic progress will show these more clearly :—

CHURCHES, CHAPELS, AND STATIONS.

	England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Total.
1837	426	6	70	502
1901	1,466	70	350	1,886

Private chapels in convents or houses are not included in these figures. The numbers alone convey but an inadequate idea, as in many cases small and confined chapels have been replaced by spacious structures, including twelve cathedrals.

The increase in churches would, however, be a barren result unless there were a corresponding multiplication of clergy duly trained in colleges and seminaries to minister at the altar. It is therefore gratifying to find that the numbers of priests show a still higher percentage of increase :

CLERGY.

	England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Total.
1837	487	6	74	567
1901	2,742	95	461	3,298

In 1837 the clergy and laity of Great Britain were subject to seven Bishops who held the title of Vicar Apostolic of a district: now there are twenty-two dioceses, regularly constituted under Archbishops and bishops with local sees.

The following are the comparative numbers of religious houses :—

		England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Total.
Of men	1837	6	—	—	6
	1901	227	18	15	260
Of women	1837	16	—	1	17
	1901	524	11	50	585

Each of these is a centre of light and grace, and each, whether of an active or contemplative order, helps in its own appointed way the progress of the Catholic Faith. This great development is the more striking when we recall the fact that meantime in France, once so Catholic, the religious and the clergy have been either cruelly expelled or unjustly oppressed; moreover, in Spain and Italy the churches have been robbed and despoiled, and Catholics in Germany have passed through a time of bitter persecution. In England, however, in peace and freedom the Church steadily and surely advances.

Education.

Catholic schools in 1837 were few and far between, and with great difficulty kept in existence, being then without aid from public moneys. The first great step in advance was the establishment in 1847 of the Catholic School Committee, which was recognized by the Government to act in behalf of all Catholic Public Elementary Schools. This was followed by the foundation of Training Colleges for masters and mistresses.

The earliest printed record of the attendance of children in Catholic schools is in 1849, and the comparison is as follows :—

	Schools.	Scholars (day).
1849	89	8,445
1899	1,764	311,621

The Education Grants received for 1899 were £370,756 4s. 4d., and the total sum from the first until now has amounted to more than £6,000,000.

This is independent of the considerable aid given to the Training Colleges at Hammersmith, Liverpool, Wandsworth, and Glasgow, which have been enabled to provide more than 3,700

teachers, qualified expressly for service in Catholic Schools.

These figures relate to elementary schools under the Privy Council. The number of colleges and private schools in convents and elsewhere has also enormously increased.

The Colonies.

The summary which has been given refers chiefly to Great Britain, but the other portions of the kingdom and empire have not been less favoured. "When we look," says Cardinal Moran, "upon the Catholic Church in Ireland at the present day, and see her crowned with the richest blessings of a benign Providence, it is not easy to realize to ourselves how lowly was her state throughout the whole of the last century. . . . The gloom and shadow of that time bring out in brighter relief the religious peace and sunshine which Ireland now enjoys." Unprecedented, moreover, as has been the growth of the British Colonies, yet more wonderful has been the increase of the Catholic Faith within them. To take one instance: In Australia in 1837 there were but 21 priests; now there are

a greater number of bishops, each one surrounded by his clergy. Throughout the whole of the Colonies and dependencies at the beginning of the reign the number of bishops and prefects apostolic does not appear to have exceeded 16; the names of no less than 126 may be found in the Directory for 1901.

Leading Events.

The dates of some leading events affecting Catholics are here subjoined :—

1838. Temperance movement inaugurated by a sermon from Father Mathew at Cork.
Publication of the *Dublin Review* with Wiseman as a contributor.

1840. The number of Vicariates Apostolic in England increased from four to eight.

1842. All Hallows' College for Foreign Missions opened at Drumcondra, Ireland.

1844. Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul established in England.

1845. Grant to Maynooth College carried in Parliament. Conversion of J. H. New-

man and F. W. Faber, followed by many others.

1846. Death of Gregory XVI. and election of Pius IX.

Criminal Law Amendment Act passed repealing various penal statutes against Catholics passed in the reigns of Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles II., William III. and Queen Anne, and partially confirmed under George II. and George III.

Opening of the Church of St. Giles, Cheadle, in presence of thirteen bishops, including the Syriac Archbishop of Damascus and the Archbishop of Sydney.

1847. Catholic School Committee established.

1848. The first Oratory in England founded by J. H. Newman.

Opening of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, fourteen bishops and three hundred priests being present.

1849. Death of Dr. Walsh, first Archbishop-elect of the Hierarchy to come.

Consecration of the first mitred Abbot of

the Cistercian Monastery of Mount St. Bernard in Charnwood Forest.

1850. The Hierarchy established in England by Pope Pius IX., with one Metropolitan and twelve Suffragans; Nicholas Wiseman, the first Archbishop of Westminster, being created Cardinal Priest of the Title of St. Pudentiana.

1851. First Provincial Council of Westminster at Oscott, at which John Henry Newman preached his well-known sermon entitled "The Second Spring."

1854. Religious tests in the Universities abolished.

1855. Catholic army chaplains sent to the Crimean war.

Second Provincial Council of Westminster held at Oscott College.

1856. Act passed to establish religious equality in the Colonies.

1859. Third Provincial Council of Westminster at Oscott.

1862. Act of Parliament passed to empower Guardians to transfer Catholic children to Catholic certified Poor Schools, Reformatories, &c.

1865. Death of Cardinal Wiseman. Solemn funeral procession through the streets of London, from St. Mary's, Moorfields, to Kensal Green, amid great manifestations of public sympathy and respect.

Mgr. Manning elected to succeed him.

1866. Poor Laws amended to enable Catholic children in workhouses to be brought up in their own religion.

Archbishop Cullen created Cardinal of the Title of St. Pietro in Montorio.

College for Foreign Missions founded at Mill Hill.

1868. Further amendment of Poor Laws to permit inmates of workhouses to attend their own place of worship, and to be visited by their own ministers.

1869. Meeting of the General Council of the Vatican, which was attended by three hundred English-speaking Archbishops and Bishops.

1871. Repeal of Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Other religious disabilities in the Universities abolished.

1873. First English National Pilgrimage, headed

by the Duke of Norfolk, to Paray-le-Monial.

Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster at St. Edmund's College.

1874. Great movement of sympathy among English Catholics for the persecuted Catholics in Germany.

1875. Mgr. Manning created Cardinal of the Title of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Coelian Hill.

1876. Church of St. Etheldreda in Ely Place restored to Catholic worship.

1877. English Deputation and Pilgrimage to Rome for the Jubilee of Pope Pius IX.

Mgr. Edward Howard, Archbishop of Neocesarea, created Cardinal.

1878. Death of Pope Pius IX. and election of Leo XIII., now happily reigning.

Hierarchy restored in Scotland, with two Archbishops and four Suffragan Bishops. Diocese of Beverley divided into dioceses of Leeds and Middlesbrough.

1879. John Henry Newman created Cardinal of the Title of St. George in Velabro.

1880. Solemn opening of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus.

1882. Archbishop MacCabe, of Dublin, created Cardinal.

1884. Catholic Truth Society established.

Solemn consecration and opening of the new Church of the Oratory, South Kensington, all the Bishops of England being present.

1886. Beatification of fifty-four English martyrs in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and the Cause introduced of above 250 others.

Hierarchy established in British India.

1887. The Queen's Jubilee, at which the envoy of Leo XIII. was graciously received by Her Majesty.

The Duke of Norfolk sent to Rome later to convey the congratulations of the Queen to Pope Leo XIII. on his own Jubilee.

Royal Commission on Education, in which Cardinal Manning took an important part.

1888. Jubilee of Oscott College, followed by its

becoming a solely clerical seminary the following year.

1889. Death of Archbishop Ullathorne.

1891. Free Education Act passed, benefiting poorer Catholic schools.

1892. Death of Cardinal Manning. He was succeeded by Mgr. Vaughan, who was created Cardinal of the same Title the following year.

1893. Solemn dedication of England to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter.

Centenary of St. Edmund's College.

English Pilgrimage to Rome.

1895. Vicariate of Wales created by Pope Leo XIII.

Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. ad Anglos.

Nine other English martyrs beatified.

First stone of Cathedral of Westminster laid on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

1896. Papal Encyclical declaring the invalidity of Anglican Orders.

1897. Act passed for the partial relief of Voluntary Schools from their unjust burthens.

Diamond Jubilee. Papal envoy again received.

Solemn Centenary Commemoration of the landing of St. Augustine in Kent.

1900. Visit of the Queen to Ireland.

Two Pilgrimages to Rome for the Holy Year.

Nov. 13. Reception by Her Majesty at Windsor of Sisters of Mercy returned from South Africa.

Catholics share in the privileges of the Empire and its freedom. Faithful in allegiance by principle and tradition, and not unmindful of blessings bestowed, they mourn the great Queen who has passed away. Yet, full of hope in the new century and the coming reign, they join heartily in the worldwide chorus—

GOD SAVE KING EDWARD!

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THE PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN RUSSIA.

THE stories we are about to tell respecting the sufferings of Catholics in Russia are from the narrative of an eye-witness. Very few people know of the real state of things in that country. There is no such thing in Russia as liberty of the Press. Catholics have no organ; they cannot write letters to the papers, and even the Bishops dare not bear witness to the sufferings of their flocks. The Czar himself is not cognizant of the persecution going on in a large portion of his dominions, for the truth never reaches him. With the Russian people themselves we can have nothing but the warmest sympathy. They have the same Holy Sacrifice, the seven Sacraments, a priesthood with valid Orders, a firm trust in Our Blessed Lady, great devotion to the Saints and to prayers and Masses for the dead—the common inheritance, in fact, of all that we hold most dear. Shall we not pray then, that the yoke of the Synod and the hostility of the civil power may be in time removed, and that the great work of reunion with the Holy See may be brought about for which so many Sacrifices and Masses are being offered up all over the world? But to come to our stories.

I.

Our readers must accompany us in thought to a large room in a beautiful country house in P——. A man of middle age was sitting at a writing-table. At his feet lay a beautiful silky-haired wolf-hound, whose brown eyes constantly sought his master's face as if in sympathy. The expression of that face was both sad and thoughtful, and he passed his hand several times mournfully over his brow, as if striving in vain to banish a painful subject. All of a sudden a knock was heard at the door.

"Who is there?" exclaimed the master of the house.

The door opened and admitted a superior-looking servant, who entered with the usual Polish salutation: "Praised be Jesus Christ!"

"For ever and for ever!" replied the Count, adding rather anxiously: "What news do you bring me, Milan?"

"Your Excellency, poor Osip is here and begs to have that box which is in the stables, and in which lately some goods were brought from the town."

"But what for, Milan?"

"His child is dead, your Excellency."

"Dead! that beautiful child! I am so sorry. But, I see—he wants to bury it in the night, I suppose?"

"Yes, in the old Catholic burying-ground hard by our old sealed-up Uniat church where his family all lie; for he and his wife would rather die than let the schismatic pope touch the body of their poor little darling."

"All right. Give him the box and anything else he may need."

The Count returned to his writing, but the old servant still lingered.

"If you please," he continued, "Osip begs pardon if he does not come and work in the garden for the next month; but his brother, Basil, will be sure and come in his stead."

"But why on earth will not Osip come as usual?" exclaimed the Count.

"Because he will have to be in prison, your Excellency. For when the pope (schismatic priest) hears of the child's death, he will come to the house, and not finding the child's body, will send for the police. They will come and search, and as no one will tell, they will both be taken, Osip and his wife, and be flogged, fined, and then imprisoned for a month. Ivan has just had this punishment for six weeks for his little girl lately born."

"But why?" again asked the Count. "That child did not die?"

"No; but we baptized her ourselves. The pope came—but too late. He was furious, and the police sent the man to prison."

"O my God, my God! how long?" exclaimed the Count. "My poor, poor people! and I have no power to protect them. Here, take this money to Osip," he continued, "and let the steward give a bag of corn to his poor wife for the whole month."

Milan left the room joyfully; but the lines of sorrow and care on his master's countenance grew deeper, and he buried his face in his hands. "How horrible it is," at last he exclaimed out loud, "and how heart-breaking

that one can do nothing, but must see and hear of this cruelty going on, day after day and year after year, without any hope of a change! It is enough to make one hate one's home; and yet, if we were to leave it, there would be no one to comfort these poor confessors for the faith."

Milan was delighted to be sent on his charitable mission. He was a great favourite of his master's, a clever man, and a fervent Catholic; so that to do a good turn to one of these poor persecuted Uniat peasants was a real joy to him. He found Osip in the servant's hall, and hastened to give him his good news. He was a man in the prime of life, but broken down by want and suffering. During the great persecution in November, 1874, he had received three hundred lashes for refusing to go to the schismatic priest's Mass, and he had never entirely recovered. Poor and ill-clad, his face was still full of sweetness, candour, and calm. The sadness which overspread his face lightened considerably, however, when Milan told him of the Count's sympathy and kindness.

"The Lord and His Blessed Mother reward him!" he exclaimed, and then followed Milan to the out-house, where the box was found and given to him.

The night was clear and fine, the moon shone brightly, and Osip, hiding the little box under his coat, hurried back to the village where all was quiet and still, and every house closed and dark. Only in his window a light shone, and there his poor loving wife, Maryna, knelt by a little table over which was spread a white cloth, and on it, dressed in all its

best clothes, was the body of the little child, beautiful even in death, its soul now among the angels in Heaven. At its feet burnt a tallow candle, and at the head a lantern, which was all that their poverty could produce; a few green branches were reverently laid round the corpse, and in the tiny hands was a crucifix. Osip's brother, Basil, was sitting sadly by, full of sorrow for a grief which he could not alleviate, but Maryna, the bereaved mother, was praying and weeping bitterly. At last her anguish found vent in words: "Ah, my Lord! Thou art a merciful God! Why didst Thou give him to me and then take him away—he that was my pride and joy!" But after a moment's pause she added: "Yet not my will, but Thine be done. O my God, give me strength to bear it." "Yes," responded Osip, on entering the poor room, "Thy will be done. With that last word, my Maryna, strive and wipe away your tears. God knows why He has allowed this; but at least he will never feel the Cossack whip, poor darling! See, the little coffin is ready. Even if they see it, they won't suspect what it is. But we must make haste, this is the only time we can escape notice."

At these words Maryna suddenly rose. An unwonted vigour and energy nerved her to immediate action. Taking the little body in her arms, with one last fond kiss, she laid it in the box, covered it with leaves and the few flowers she had placed near it, and closed the lid. In the meanwhile, Osip and his brother hastened to prepare their little cart, and soon the three mourners started on their funeral procession.

They had to pass right through the village; but all was still and quiet. Near each house along the road is a cross or a statue, telling of the piety of the inhabitants; and though the Government forbids their renewal when they fall and decay with age or bad weather, yet an invisible hand keeps them standing. When once they had passed the village, the cart went more slowly. The two brothers sat side by side in front. Maryna behind kept the little box in her arms on her lap, and from time to time murmured some words to her child. "Are you not happy, my angel, with God? Ah, pray that father and mother may soon be with you and Him up there!"

They passed safely before the village inn at the outskirts of the place, and then came to a wood. The two men left the cart, and went into the forest with their axes, and Maryna remained alone with her little burden. The horse began to nibble the grass on the roadside, and she fell fast asleep, for, for five nights and days she had watched by her dying child. An hour and a half later the two men reappeared, dragging with them a lot of brushwood. Milan was with them, and helped them to pile the wood on the little child's improvised coffin, after which he bade them "God speed," and with Basil returned to the village. Although the cart was lighter, Osip and his wife proceeded slowly, for the road was very bad, and full of ruts and water, owing to the late heavy rains, so that they splashed through pools on every side.

At last they came to their journey's end. On one side of the road is a venerable old church locked and

sealed up, the Catholic parish church in old times; and round it is the churchyard, with its crosses and hallowed graves. Here all Osip's family had been buried, and there they were bent on laying their child. On the opposite side of the road is a fine schismatic *cerkiew* or chapel, built by the persecuting Government, with a pope living in a comfortable house close by.

As they came to a turn in the road, they met a whole cart full of Jews going to market, one of whom hailed them with the words: "Is that you, Osip?"

"Yes, sir," answered the peasant, "I have brought some brushwood for Mrs. K——."

"This is not the time for cutting brushwood," replied the Jew, "when you ought to be busy haymaking. What are you about?"

"Well, sir, I really think that ever since these Russians have been after me, I have lost my head. Anyhow, here I am with the brushwood."

"But I see you have your wife with you," continued the Jew. "Why is she not with your child at home? I tell you what," he added in a low voice, "you had much better turn back and go home as fast as you can, for I have seen two policemen entering the pope's house. Something is up; I know not what. Anyhow, I advise you to go home."

But Osip shook his head and drove on to the cemetery which was close by. As he passed the pope's house he whipped up his horse and was, as he hoped, passing it safely, when a stentorian voice called out, "Stop!" The two mounted and armed policemen dashed forward, and the pope stood at the door.

"What have you there?" they asked.

"Wood."

"What, at this time of the night? and pray what have you got underneath it?"

Without further parley the police dragged Maryna down from the cart, threw off the brushwood and seized the little box. Maryna, with almost superhuman strength, wrenched it out of their hands. Osip was seized by one policeman, who pointed his bayonet at his breast, threatening to kill him instantly if he resisted. The other man clutched at the box which the poor mother held tight. There was a struggle. At last the policeman gave a furious jerk which forced the box out of Maryna's hands, and she fell. The coffin slipped at the same moment on to the ground, and the shock opened it; the poor little body rolled out of the box and fell into a puddle. The mother saw this last outrage on her child, and stretched out her arms to save it; but her strength was exhausted and she fainted away. The policeman picked up the dead child, dried it roughly, and flung it again into the box, which he put back in the cart, and ordered Osip to drive to the schismatic church. After an altercation he prepared to obey. But Maryna had recovered consciousness and heard the order. "Osip!" she cried in a voice of anguish, "you may not drive your child there. Let them do what they like, but have no hand in it yourself."

At these words Osip woke as if from a trance, jumped off the cart, ran to his wife, and with her escaped to the wood. The two policemen after a short parley determined to follow them. Maryna again fainted. Osip

seized her in his arms and bore her away. They were some way ahead of their pursuers when a stump of a tree threw Osip down. Before he could recover himself the policemen were upon them, seized them, tied them together, and dragged them like brushwood on the ground back to the cart. There the box lay open, and the child calm in death, seemed sleeping. They threw the father and mother tied together by the side of it, and drove up to the church door. There stood the pope. What a man! The son of a Uniat priest, who for the sake of money and position, had apostatized, and offered himself to do the work of forcing his flock to follow his example. He wore the long flowing robes, beard, and long hair of the schismatic priests. On his face one saw the restless misery of an apostate; his guilty conscience reminding him continually of his many crimes. The Latin church hard by is closed—this is his doing! The neighbouring Catholic nobleman's home is expropriated, and he himself in exile—that, too, is his work! And how many poor peasants and small proprietors are now in Siberia—all on his conscience!

He approached the cart to see what was in it, and even his hard heart shuddered at the sight which met his view. There was the dead child, the moonlight shining on its sweet, soft face, the poor father and mother thrown down on each side of it, like so much lumber bound and motionless. Troubled and sickened, even in spite of himself, and wishing to find some means of escape from this disgraceful business, he turned to the father.

"Whose is this child?" he asked.

"Mine," replied Osip.

"And what is he here for?"

"To be buried," chimed in the policeman, "contrary to the law."

"But where was he baptized?"

"We baptized him ourselves," boldly replied Maryna,

"What!" exclaimed the schismatic pope, in well-feigned indignation. "*You* baptized him! What heathens you are! The child is a heathen, a pagan, and cannot be buried in my consecrated ground. Away with him! Do with him what you wish!"

Then, turning to the policeman, he continued: "I will report well of you to the Governor, and have you promoted for your zeal in this matter. But I will not have an unbaptized infant in my burial-ground. Loosen their bonds—untie them!" he cried to the police, who very unwillingly obeyed the order.

"Now, be off with you," he said roughly to Osip and Maryna, while, turning on his heels, he went back into the church, slamming the door after him. Will God be merciful to him for this one act of mercy?

Poor Osip rose with difficulty, for he had been much bruised and mauled; but then gladly seized the reins and turned his horse towards the old cemetery, in spite of the muttered vengeance of the police. A suitable spot was soon found; a grave dug with the tools he had brought with him, and there Maryna deposited her darling, while she and her husband recited a few simple Catholic prayers over him. To cover up the little coffin and put up a rough cross to mark the spot, which Osip had nailed together in the wood, completed their sad work that night.

But a crown too is there, although invisible, to be placed, above, on the brow of those poor martyrs; for scarcely had they driven back to the village than they were seized and thrown into a dark and loathsome dungeon for six weeks for "contumacious behaviour," and had to sell their only cow to pay the heavy fine exacted by the Russian Government.

This is a specimen of the "fatherly love," as the Imperial ukase has it, whereby these "erring sheep are brought into the Orthodox fold."

II.

In one of the great towns of Russia lived a very honest, respectable man, who had a place under Government, and having been always brought up in the "Orthodox" or schismatic faith, had no interference from or trouble with the police. He had several children; but one of his girls was his great favourite. The Russians, as a rule, are passionately attached to their children, and this girl, whose name was Alecka, was in all ways worthy of her father's affection. Pretty, gentle, and loving, she was a general favourite, and her great delight was to devote herself to the poor and sick and try and make every one happy around her.

It happened that a poor girl about her own age was taken ill in a neighbouring house, where she had gone as a servant, and Alecka, hearing of her serious state, got leave to go and nurse her, as her illness was not an infectious one. The poor girl died and left behind

her a book which the friends of the girl gave to Alecka as a little remembrance, out of gratitude for her kindness. Alecka took the book home and found it was a Catholic work, which she began to read, becoming more and more interested in it as she went on. At last, one night, she came upon the words: "In the Catholic Church alone is salvation." This startled her a good deal, and though she tried to forget it, the words seemed to haunt her as if they were burnt on her brain. She had never met any Catholics or made any acquaintance with any Polish families. But she knew that there was a Catholic church in the town where some people had told her there was beautiful music: and she determined one day to go and see this church about which such an assertion had been made. She chose an evening when she was not likely to be watched by anybody, and slipped into the church.

Everything was strange to her, and the language in which the priest was preaching was to her unknown, for in the Catholic churches in Russia it is forbidden to preach or say any prayers in Russian, lest any one born in the "Orthodox" Church should come to learn the doctrines of the Catholic faith. In the same way, no conversions are tolerated; and if any Catholic man marries a Russian Greek woman, all their children must be brought up in the schismatic faith. Nevertheless Alecka was deeply impressed by all she saw and determined to go again.

The next time she contrived to get there, there were very few people in the church, but these were praying

devoutly. There was a nice old lady near her, with a kind, benevolent face, and when she had finished her devotions and was about to leave the church, Alecka plucked up courage to go and speak to her and asked her the one burning question which was always in her heart: "How is it that here only can we find salvation?" The lady looked at her glowing, anxious face and saw she was really in earnest in wishing to find the truth; so that she entered into conversation with her, and finally took her into the sacristy and introduced her to the priest. He was a holy and excellent man; but he thought it right to set before her the great risk she would run if she persisted in her resolution to be instructed in the Catholic faith. She persevered nevertheless, and after several months of careful preparation, carried on with the greatest secrecy, she was at length received into the Catholic Church. Her joy at the reception of the Sacraments knew no bounds, and she managed to attend the church regularly, without being betrayed by any one.

After a time, however, her secret was discovered, and in the following strange manner. Finding that she could not understand the instructions given in the church, which were in Polish, for the reason before stated, she determined to learn that language, and with her usual energy and cleverness soon mastered it. One night as she and her sister were sleeping in one room, this sister heard her talking in her sleep and cry out: "Jesus and Mary," in Polish. Now this is an invocation never used by Russians, who usually say: "*Hospodin panislay!*" or "Lord, be merciful to me!"

The sister thought this very strange, and spoke of it to their mother, who, in a great fright, at last taxed Alecka with having become a Catholic. Alecka did not attempt to deny it, but told her mother of all her previous struggles and doubts, which had been so happily solved by her reception. She added that she had only concealed it for fear of bringing trouble on her family. Her mother was in despair, and revealed her secret to her father, who was simply frantic when he heard of it. All his love for her seemed to be forgotten. He threw her on the ground, beat and kicked her, dragged her off to the schismatical pope, and did everything which threats and punishment could effect to force her to deny her faith. Her mother mingled her tears and entreaties with her father's blows and violence; but all in vain. She withstood alike persuasion and physical suffering, lovingly excusing her father's anger, which she rightly attributed to his terror of losing his position and ruining his whole family should the fact of her conversion become known.

For more than a year she continued in this difficult position, not being able to receive the Sacraments or go near the church. But at last, partly fearing to compromise her father and the good priest (who would be sent to Siberia if it were known that he had received her into the Catholic Church), and partly to be able once more to practise her religion, she determined to leave home. One day she bid her parents "good-bye," as if she were only going out for a walk, while her heart was bursting (as she afterwards said), knowing that she would return no more. She had collected a little

money by degrees, and, with the help of a Catholic lady who had known her trials, she took the train to Warsaw. There, however, where the Catholic Church is so oppressed, and where spies are everywhere found, she could obtain no employment. All mistrusted her, and no one liked to endanger himself for her sake. She went on, at last, to Crestochôwa, where the great Polish miraculous Madonna has been venerated for ages, and poured out all her heart at the feet of our Blessed Mother. There, at any rate, she found herself at home in the midst of a crowd of pilgrims, and could give free vent to her devotions.

But the pilgrimage season was passing away, and even there she was warned that the police were watching lest any Uniat should come to the Sacraments; and she had no passport!

But Our Lady had not been appealed to in vain. Among the pilgrims was a Cracow lady who had become strangely interested in the pretty, lonely girl, whom she had watched praying so earnestly. She made acquaintance with her, heard her story, and feeling she was anything but safe at Crestochôwa, helped her to go through the woods on foot, and thus cross the Russian frontier, by which means she arrived safely in Galicia. Here she got into the family of a fervent Catholic nobleman, where she was very happy, except when she thought of her parents and their sorrow at her departure. Yet she felt she never could be thankful enough for the gift of faith and for the liberty now given her to practise her religion. After a few years she went with the same family to Rome, and there en-

tered a Carmelite convent, offering herself as a holocaust for the conversion of all near and dear to her, as well as for her oppressed country.

III.

In a remote part of Russia there lived a country squire with his young wife, whom he had married when she was only seventeen, and to whom he was devotedly attached. She was worthy of his love, for, besides being clever and high-spirited, she was a very charming woman, with the sweetest temper, and one who made every one happy around her. She was also very much in love with her husband, and they were, in fact, as happy a couple as could be found anywhere, and being quite content with one another, lived altogether in the country and never cared for a "season" in St. Petersburg or Moscow. One only cloud had passed over their happy married life, and that was that they were childless. But they consoled themselves with the thought that it enabled them to do more for the poor on their estate.

One of the principal bailiffs or stewards of the squire's farms happened to be a Pole and a very fervent Catholic. The squire's wife, in her constant intercourse with him with regard to the peasants, began to be very much struck with his charity and self-denial, and often entered into conversation with him on such matters. He was a well-read man, and frequently quoted different writers in support of his theories, which excited her curiosity, and she begged

him to lend her some books. This he did gladly. The more she read the more unsettled she became in mind as to the religion in which she and her husband lived; and she began to long to know the full truth, without thinking at first of the difficulties which the knowledge of that truth would bring upon her.

A few months later some business matters obliged her husband and herself to make a long journey, in the course of which they passed some little time in Poland. Here she met accidentally at a friend's house a Catholic priest, who opened her eyes so completely to the errors of the schismatic, or "Orthodox," Church, that her only wish was to be received as soon as possible into the Catholic one. Whether this priest, not knowing her well, feared she was a spy (for many have been purposely entrapped in that way), or was led by consideration of extreme prudence, he would not hear of her reception; saying that he could not, for her sake, run the risk, or rather the certainty, of being sent to Siberia, and so of leaving all his parishioners without a pastor. So she came home, more and more unhappy, and more and more determined to become a Catholic.

By-and-by she found out from the steward that there was a Catholic priest in the country, though at a great distance off. She managed to go to him, however, and opened her whole heart to him; but he said she must be more instructed before he could take it upon himself to receive her. Soon after her return home, she fell dangerously ill of typhoid fever. The priest heard of it, and, under pretence of passing through the village to

see some scattered Polish families in the neighbourhood, contrived to call at the squire's house. He found the squire at the door, miserably anxious about his wife, and on the point of starting in person to a town some ten miles off, to fetch another doctor for a consultation on her case. The priest said that he too would be glad to consult this doctor when he came; so the squire begged him to come in and wait for his return with the new medical man. This the priest did, and sent a message to the lady to say he was in the house if she wished to see him. The poor woman was overjoyed, having had the greatest terror of dying outside the Catholic Church. She was very weak, but perfectly conscious, made her confession, and was then and there received into the Church. The priest gave her Extreme Unction, and, finally, holding a crucifix in his hands, said to her: "By these Five Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ, I beseech you, if you shall recover, not to abandon on any account, cost what it may, the true Catholic faith which you have now embraced." She promised, and soon fell into a quiet and refreshing sleep.

The husband and doctor arrived an hour later and found her wonderfully better—in fact, in a few weeks she was quite well. She was then only twenty-two years old; but though she never forgot her promise, she did not dare tell her husband of the step she had taken. Hence for ten years all her diplomacy was brought into play to conceal the truth from him and still more from the village pope and the neighbourhood. Occasionally, that is, about once a year, she managed to

get some sixty miles off to a town where a priest heard her confession in his own room, or in some place where she would not be suspected, and then, at peep of day, she would go to Mass and Communion disguised as a poor peasant. When her husband teased her because she did not go to her Easter duties at the schismatical village church as of old, she would reply that the pope had a queer wife and that she could no longer bring herself to go to him in confession, as she could not believe that he would not tell his wife all she said. So her husband left her alone.

It was more difficult to deal with the pope of the village himself. He used in the evenings in Lent to hear the Easter confessions, the sacristan being on the watch to write down in a book the names of all those who came and give them a ticket as they came out of the confessional. This was done both to ascertain the number for whom it would be necessary to prepare sufficient bread and wine for the Holy Communion, and also, in accordance with a police regulation, so that no Uniat should escape or obtain the sacraments elsewhere. The squire's wife used to come and slip a good sum of money into the sacristan's hand, who at once put down her name and gave her a ticket; but she never went to confession. Occasionally she came with her husband to the services in the schismatic church, having no scruple about it, as she had never been taught it was not lawful, and had very few books. The good priest who had received her into the Church had been sent away to another mission soon after her reception, and she had no

one to instruct or help her. She followed his advice, however, in one thing, and that was, to be constant in prayer and in the realization of the presence of God. Being childless, also, she gave herself up more and more to the practice of good works and to looking after the widows and the orphans. In order to get an excuse for occasional intercourse with a Catholic priest, she took a number of Catholic orphans into her own house, and brought them up with the tenderest care.

Ten years had passed in this way, when God brought her into communication with a very holy and enlightened priest, who understood her position and entered fully into her difficulties, but told her that she could not go on attending schismatic services, for by such an act she virtually denied her faith. This opened her eyes, but she never hesitated for a moment. If she had erred in this matter it had been through ignorance; and now that she knew better, she resolved to abstain from all semblance of sharing in heretical services. This soon became noticed and a police inspector was sent to inquire into the reason; and also to ask why the orphan children were brought up as Catholics? A few roubles put into his hands sent this man off apparently satisfied. But then Easter came and she no longer went for her ticket. The pope came indignantly to the house, and, in the presence of her husband, taxed her with being a Catholic. She did not attempt to deny it, but confessed it bravely. Her husband turned pale and offered some money to the pope to hold his tongue. But the pope was furious, and threatened that he would have

her sent to Siberia. Still to all his threats she only answered that she was ready to suffer anything, but would not deny her faith.

The pope did not attempt to argue or to enter into controversy with her: and at last said that if she would only come to confession to him, she might remain what she was and he would not disturb her. But she answered firmly: "No, never!"

After a little altercation, she begged a fortnight's time to think over it all, and the pope, believing he had gained his point, left the house. Then began the most painful part of her trial. Her husband was on the brink of despair. He not only saw ruin staring him in the face, but the destruction of all his happiness. He wept, promised, entreated her at least outwardly to conform, but all in vain. Though broken-hearted, she remained firm. At last she begged him to let her leave the house and seek the protection of a powerful Prince in the neighbourhood, whom they knew, and who might enable them to escape the police persecution. This he allowed her to do. The sledge was prepared and she left her home, as she thought only for a few days; but in reality never to see it or her husband any more. On her way she met the Prince, who was also going away for a few days, and in the snow she told him her whole story and fully explained the case to him. He begged her to stop for the night in a house belonging to a mutual friend of theirs close by; and said that in a day or two he would return and see what could be done. She followed his advice, and in the meantime

collected all the money she could, lest she should be compelled to fly. She soon discovered that the police were on her track, and that she was watched day and night. On the third day she managed to escape disguised as a peasant, to the Prince's country house, where she was very kindly received. The Prince had had a passport made out for her in St. Petersburg, as for one of his wife's servants, and told her that her only chance of escape was to take it and so be enabled to cross the frontier. It was a most bitter thing for her to leave her husband without even wishing him "good-bye" or telling him where she was going, but the Prince assured her that it was absolutely necessary, if she did not wish to compromise or endanger both him and his family with the police. So, with a heavy heart, she started, passing through Germany into Galicia, where she was received by some kind Catholic people, although a perfect stranger to them. And there she still waits and prays for re-union with what she loves most on earth—a pitiful and broken existence, only sustained by her faith and by the hope that some day her husband may follow her example.

THE WHITE NECKTIE.

If there be one day in the life of a pious Catholic child more touching and impressive than any other, it is the day of First Communion—the day when the young soul, purified by prayer and preparation, and a thorough cleansing in the tribunal of penance, is for the first time admitted to intimate communion with the Lord of heaven and earth, and becomes, as it were, for a time one with Him, whom to love is life eternal. In the convent schools and colleges throughout France and Italy this day is kept as a most important festival, and attended with every circumstances of pomp and solemnity. In the Jesuit colleges especially, the preparation for this important event ends with a three days' retreat; during which the intending first communicants are kept from all intercourse with the rest of the boys and the outside world, spending their time in religious exercises suited to their age.

On the eve of the great day, a short time is set apart for them to see their parents, and beg pardon for whatever trouble they might have caused them by disobedience or other faults. This is generally a most impressive scene. Next morning, after Holy Communion and a

joyous breakfast in the masters' dining-room, presided over by the Father Rector, the parlours are thrown open. Their parents are waiting for them, and soon the first communicants are in their arms, amidst embraces and tears of holy joy.

On one of these occasions, amidst the crowd of anxious parents was a lady of noble birth, the widowed mother of an only boy, who was the pride and joy of her heart. Like Blanche of Castile, she had imprinted on her child's mind a horror of sin, and a strong sense of duty both to God and man: and now, as she held him in her arms in all the beauty of his innocence and youth, her emotion choked the words she longed to speak. Leo, for that was the boy's name, watched her face anxiously, while his fingers unconsciously played with the white necktie which, in accordance with the college regulations, all the first communicants wore. Seeing that her eyes were fixed upon it, he exclaimed:—

"Mother, why are you looking so earnestly at my tie?"

She did not answer for a moment; then looking upon him with unusual tenderness, said:—

"Yes; I was thinking of that necktie—so pure and white to-day: shall I live to see it stained and thrown away?"

The boy at once understood her meaning, and her dread lest his present innocence should be lost and his purity soiled by sin. At first he only tried to reassure her by redoubling his kisses. Seeing, however, that she still looked grave and anxious, he suddenly flung himself on his knees, and laying his head on her lap, exclaimed:—

"Mother, you are quite right. That white necktie does indeed, I hope, represent the whiteness of my soul to-day. Will it comfort you if I promise to give it back to you should the unhappy day come when any grievous sin enters my soul?" Seeing her look fixed more intently than ever upon him, he added: "Dearest mother! by your heart so full of love for me, and by mine which has become to-day the sanctuary of the good God, I swear that I will keep this necktie, and never send it back to you unless a mortal sin drives God and innocence far from me!"

Tears and caresses were the happy mother's only answer; but in the boy's heart a pact was made, which God Himself ratified in heaven.

That evening, at the renewal of baptismal vows, when it came to Leo's turn to repeat, with his hand upon the Holy Gospels, the solemn words, "I renounce Satan and all his works and all his pomps, and I promise to be faithful to Jesus Christ now and for ever," there was a peculiar accent of earnestness and a ring of determination in his voice, which his mother heard, and which filled her whole soul with confidence and joy.

Time passed, and the long vacation came, and brought Leo back to his home. The very first Sunday morning after his return, he knelt by his mother's side with his white necktie at Holy Communion. He did the same on subsequent occasions, and she observed it in thankful silence. At other times, the precious emblem was neatly wrapped up in silver paper in his

desk, only to be looked at now and then when he felt himself in danger or temptation.

The years passed by, and Leo's college life was over; but still, whenever he came home and drew near the altar, the white necktie was always worn, and his mother's heart sang for joy.

Perhaps the most dangerous time in a man's career is when he first leaves college and plunges into active life. Leo had chosen the law as his profession, and was obliged to go to Paris for the necessary study. It was impossible for his mother not to feel anxious when he had to take up his abode in a city which, for the young especially, is a hotbed of frivolity, temptation and vice. Both to her and her son, the white necktie had become more and more precious as an emblem of the virtue each was so anxious to preserve: for thus the least and most insignificant things become of importance if brought into relation with God and His holy law.

But Leo knew where to seek for strength and help in the hour of temptation, and passed through the ordeal unscathed. After taking a brilliant degree, he returned home, with his precious pledge to his mother still unstained.

The time had now come for him to settle in life, when suddenly the Franco-German war broke out: nothing was thought of but arms and preparations for the impending struggle. All France was in a blaze, and confident of victory—a delusion soon to be dispelled. But, of course, all thoughts of Leo's marriage were set aside for the moment, and a more serious anxiety took its place.

The tide of war rapidly assumed such an aspect, that General de Charette (the Bayard of modern times), justly alarmed for the safety and honour of his distracted country, raised a corps of volunteers, and placed them under the banner of the Sacred Heart. In the face of the world of to-day, so infidel under the mask of liberalism, and so tyrannical towards anything which savours of faith or devotion, it was a bold act on the part of this truly Catholic Vendean General thus to raise aloft the standard of the Sacred Heart. But the event justified his Christian courage. All that was best and noblest in France enlisted under his banner. Among the first was Leo, who hastened to join him, and on every occasion fought gallantly for God and his country.

Then came the famous battle of Patay, when the Zouaves of the Sacred Heart so greatly distinguished themselves by their truly heroic valour; and no less courageous were those faithful priests, true soldiers of the Cross, who, heedless of shells and bullets, went fearlessly amidst the wounded and dying men on the battle-field, bringing to all peace and strength and consolation.

One of these true followers of Our Divine Lord had just closed the eyes of a dead Zouave, when he heard a faint voice calling him from a hillock a few yards farther on. Hastening to the spot, whom should he find, half-buried under the corpses of his comrades and lying in a pool of blood, but Leo—he who had been the idol of the corps, and dear to the priest's heart!

"Father!" he murmured in a weak voice, "it is all

over. I am dying; give me absolution—and take this to my mother," he added, with difficulty pulling a small packet from his breast. "It is already directed. Only please write a few words to her to say that you saw me before I died, and that the necktie of my First Communion, which she knows so well, returns to her unstained, save by my blood, which has been shed under the banner of the Sacred Heart for my country and my God."

These were his last words, faithfully reported to her who, from his infancy, had so jealously watched over the holy purity of her boy. Who will paint her sorrow, and yet her deep thankfulness and joy, at the consoling thought that soon she would be reunited to him in an eternity of bliss? Truly indeed might she apply the beatitude to her darling: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

THE RELICS OF BLESSED JULIAN.

An English priest while working for many years in South America, and striving to carry the Written and the Living Word of God throughout many of the unexplored tracts of that vast and beautiful continent, related to me the following story of the discovery of the relics of one of the Jesuit martyrs, in the interior, which I think is well worth recording :—

I was staying at Tarija, in the province of Southern Bolivia, to make a retreat with the Franciscan Fathers there; and during that time I accidentally took up an old Spanish book giving the history of a certain Jesuit Father who was martyred by the Indians rather more than a hundred years ago, and whose name was Blessed Julian de Lizardi. He was a native of Spain, and born on the 30th of November, 1696. Having always been a good and pious youth, no one was surprised when he developed a religious vocation, and entered the Society of Jesus at Villagarica de Campos. In 1717 he was sent with seventy-one missionaries to Buenos Ayres. He took his last vows in 1730, and was soon after commissioned to go and evangelize a very savage tribe of Indians, some of whom had already

been converted. Father Lizardi went and speedily won the hearts of the natives by his charity and devotedness. Having conquered the difficulty of the language, he became a real apostle among them, while by his skill in medicine and surgery he healed their bodies as well as their souls.

All went well until the spring of 1735, when the Indians, having been deceived and ill-used by some of the Spanish traders, turned against all the white men. A massacre followed, and the saintly Father Lizardi was shot to death by arrows in the Val del Ingre, on the 16th of May in that year. So many miracles occurred, however, after his death that the Indians repented of their cruelty, and when his body was solemnly interred in the church at Tarija, multitudes of them followed in the procession, weeping and bewailing the loss of one whom they justly called their Father.

I became so interested in the account of this holy martyr's life and death that I eagerly inquired of the good Franciscan Fathers where I could find his tomb. "Alas," they replied, "no one knows where he lies, and every effort to discover his burial-place has been unavailing!" This answer did not satisfy me. All night long I thought about it, and it seemed to me as if a voice spoke to me, strongly urging me to undertake the search anew.

My retreat being over, I went to see the Archbishop of Chuquisaca, in whose diocese Tarija was situated, and asked his leave to do so. He gave me every facility, with letters to the different parish priests, empowering me to use all means likely to lead to the

discovery of the relics. I had ascertained that the martyr's body had been laid in a wooden coffin on which a martyr's palm had been depicted, and that in the same coffin one of the arrows had been placed, to show the manner of his death. This coffin was said to have been placed high up in a wall, with a marble slab on which the name of the martyr was engraved. Armed with the diocesan's letters, I visited all the churches in Tarija, and made inquiries of every one, but in vain.

At last I determined to address myself to the oldest inhabitants, and after some days found an aged man who told me that when he was a boy he used to serve Mass in a certain church, and that he had often remarked a marble slab high up above the cupboards in the sacristy, and wondered what it was. I hastened to the church he spoke of, but there another disappointment awaited me. The church had lately been restored: the sacristy had been rebuilt and there was no trace whatever of the slab! In despair I asked where the old materials had been thrown, and at last was shown a heap of rubbish, in the midst of which, to my intense delight, I found the marble inscription. Hastening back with my treasure to the parish priest, and promising to make good any damage done to his new sacristy, I got a couple of workmen to make a hole in the upper part of the wall on the side described to me by the old man. My perseverance was rewarded; for after a time we came upon an iron coffin, and on opening it found that it enclosed the wooden one of which I was in search. There was the name and the martyr's palm. Continuing our labours, the arrow was

likewise discovered, lying by the side of the relics. The joy of the archbishop and clergy may be easily imagined. The martyr's body was carried in procession through the town, and laid in the cathedral, enclosed in a beautiful sarcophagus, where it remains an object of the greatest veneration to the faithful.

But my story is not quite ended. A few months later I was preaching in a church in Mexico. When I had done, a gentleman of the parish came to me and begged me to take up my abode in his house, as he said he had a spare room, and could not bear my being at an hotel. I gladly accepted the invitation, and after dinner my host asked me if I would give his children some account of my adventures in South America. To amuse them I related my search for the martyr's body of which I have just told you. I saw that the father of the children listened with rapt attention. When I had done, he seized my arm, and dragging me into his study showed me an old portrait over the fireplace, exclaiming, "That is the picture of Father Lizardi; and here," he added, pointing to a long narrow case underneath the portrait, "is one of the arrows of his martyrdom. He is my ancestor, and for years I have sought everywhere for some information as to his relics. It seems as if Providence had sent you purposely here to bring me these good tidings." You can imagine the joy of the whole family; and before I left the gentleman had determined to make a pilgrimage to Tarija to venerate the newly found relics of his ancestor.

THE CONVERSION OF CARDINAL MANNING

BY AIMÉE SEWELL

It is noticeable in the history of many conversions that each includes the story of another and correlative conversion, the transmutation into an actual strength of some obvious weakness of the character considered. Perhaps the most evident natural weakness of Henry Edward Manning was his attachment—to places, persons, prescription; certainly the later years of his life present an example of detachment akin to that of the Saints. His nature was tender, adhesive, responsive to the least praise or blame; by grace he became singularly steadfast. As an Anglican Archdeacon he loved the praise of men and played his graceful part the better for it; as Cardinal Archbishop evil report and good report had grown to be one to the crusader who had "retired" his soul, and only sought the approval, or feared the blame, of "his good Captain Christ." His conversion was slow, and to many has seemed even a spiritless submission of himself to a plainly proffered discipline; but it may be remembered that a long resistance is the outcome of zeal for the cause to be yielded, and entails the transfer of that zeal to the cause adopted. A mind is little worth converting that has no tenets to stand by, no faith to be transmuted; it is the slow sapping, ultimately undermining, of truth that leads best to an issue that honours the besieger and justifies the besieged.

And the besieged may be said to be still more fully justified when his defence is of a stronghold he has learned to love by close study of its details, details he judges to be fitted for his confidence and admiration until proved to be inadequate. In the case of the surrender we are going briefly to consider, the love of the defender had grown round an edifice he had himself partly helped to erect.

One of his most intimate friends, who knew the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster as a child, a schoolboy, and during his university career, wrote of him: "On leaving Oxford Manning's religious opinions were quite unformed." The new graduate had feelings, however, warm, vivid and exalted; the beauty of holiness had already caught his eye, his ear, his taste. He spoke of John Henry Newman as Vicar of St. Mary's, a reminiscence of half a century back: "When I was twenty years of age . . . I remember his voice and penetrating words at evensong in the University Church at Oxford. Having once seen and heard him I never willingly failed to be there." He recorded too of this time: "The daily Chapel became very soothing." "I used to like going to Chapel; the Psalms and lessons were a delight to me." But from his childhood Henry Manning's had been a religiously toned mind. At eleven years of age he puzzled himself with the thought "what there was before the world was made," and of a couple of years later he writes: "I used to have great pleasure in going to Totteridge Church, and I really tried to pray." To aid him he had the advantage of both precept and example in a well-ordered home. "My family," he says, writing of his boyhood a little later on, "was strictly Church of England of the old High school . . . we always went regularly to Church, never missing in the morning, often going in the afternoon, and going also to communion at times. My father read prayers and a sermon on Sunday nights. . . . I never saw or

heard anything irreligious." At Harrow, where he went from a preparatory school at Totteridge, the public religious instruction was inept and uninviting, and the services a dull form; but at his house-tutor's Paley's Evidences and Leslie on Deism were studied, and both were appreciated by the thoughtful mind of Manning as underpinning belief.

The fact is a proof of his religion, and though he wrote of his Harrow days as "certainly the least religious time of my life," he could still say of them, "I had faith and a great fear of hell, and said my prayers." Oxford added the influence of beauty in tone and form; he grew there to love the expression of beliefs that he was afterwards to feel and cultivate with such affection at Lavington: during the Oxford days, too, an intensification of his inner thoughts came to him through an undergraduate friend and his sister with whom he spent much of his vacation time. The influence of the Bevans was what is called Evangelical, and had more spirituality, and stood at a greater distance from Erastianism than the high thought of the day. Its mode was —in the historical sense of the word—Puritanism; but Puritanism in its psychological sense deals with manner rather than with matter, and something of this (which in excess may be defined religious self-consciousness) was noticeable in the Archbishop of Westminster in those later years which so often reflect the exaggerations of youthful thought. It is not sectarian or scholastic, but individual and inherent; it is scrupulous, afraid of extrinsic influence over itself, and it extends this fear, through knowledge of the weakness of human nature, to others. It is the quality of an impressionable mind governed by acquired courage, and the acquirement of such steady courage is a gift of grace. In this connection may be quoted a remark of Cardinal Manning's written in late age: "I have always believed that Anglicanism and Puritanism are the ruins of the inner and outer life of the Catholic Church, from which they separated at

the Reformation and then split asunder." This, though he uses the word in its historical sense, shows his experience of the relative possessions of authority and spirituality as characteristic of the two sectarian experiences of his youth. As an Anglican rector he was to combine both in a perfectly attractive whole, that delighted him till he grew to see it was only an experiment.

At Oxford his piety developed. He read widely, the list including writers of such different schools as Barrow and Butler, Owen and Flavel, Taylor and Bishop Hall, imbibing from each his best, but finding in the "evangelical" writers an unction that was wanting in the others. He was, unconsciously perhaps, eclectic, but as Charles Wordsworth said, "quite without settled convictions." His piety was illustrated by purity of life, and manners dignified by courtesy, and despite the natural confidence of his brilliant youth, we find him constantly feeling after humility and fully alive to the perils of too great a love of the world and its ambitions.

Up to this time the future Cardinal had been anticipating an entry into political life, contrary to his father's long-settled intention—to which he had made a vexed boyish resistance ripening into a steady opposition—that he should take orders in the English Church. He left Oxford with a first-class degree in Classics, the reputation of an eloquent speaker, and the friendship of men well calculated to advance him, or to advance with him, towards political eminence; contemporaries who included all that was most promising intellectually, and seniors who could follow with interest, or support by interest, his early steps. Among the latter may be counted John Henry Newman, though his acquaintance with Manning at that time was slight.

Family circumstances, however, prevented Manning's early entrance into Parliament, and the young aspirant had to be content with a supernumerary clerkship in the Colonial Office, and no immediate prospect of advancement. His father, a man of importance and influence

in both parliamentary and financial circles, was ruined by the collapse of the West India trade, and Manning took advantage of a time of official leisure to go up to Oxford with the intention of doing his part to relieve the family necessity by trying for a vacant Fellowship at Merton College. This was in the spring of 1831. He found, however, that the qualification of being in orders was almost a *sine quâ non* in his candidature, and on his informing the Warden that he had no intention of preparing for them, he felt himself relieved from the onus of a personal canvass that he had been dreading. At the same time his family renewed their urgent advice that he should adopt the clerical profession, for which all of them seem to have considered him from the first peculiarly fitted; but he nevertheless returned to his official work, which he performed punctually, going a little into society and leading a quiet life either as the guest of his favourite brother-in-law or in his own lodgings, varied during the summer of 1831 by a residence, as its solitary inhabitant, at his old home near Sevenoaks. It was characteristic of the inclination of Henry Manning's mind that the months passed in a situation unsatisfying with regard to the present, and affording no prospect of absorbing work for the future, should have been given to serious thought. His letters show him drawn steadily towards the calling of a clergyman, and though it is possible that the consciousness that it would be easily obtainable and would have provided him with an independent income may have aided his favourable consideration, he clearly only decided to adopt it when he had grown to recognize it as a "vocation." "I was withheld," he wrote in February, 1832, "by motives . . . altogether of a conscientious nature . . . I do not regret the delay . . . for my mind has settled into a preference for the Church, without which feeling I could never have discharged its duties otherwise than as an irksome and unpleasant labour." Trial had raised his point of view,

as it was throughout life to do. Looking upwards he tried persistently to rise nearer to the level of his thought, and now, after repeated sufferings—for in the space of two years he had lost his home, his ambition, and the fruition of an early attachment, besides suffering the first experience of ill-health—he was growing stronger where a lower nature would have become embittered. In a note written many years later the Cardinal recalled it as "a new thought . . . not to be a clergyman in the sense of my old destiny, but to give up the world and live for God and for souls. This grew on me daily." It was in such a spirit that the new life was entered upon. Henry Manning had been elected a Fellow of Merton College, and had spent the greater part of the year at Oxford in preparation, when he was ordained at the end of December, 1832; ten days later he was installed in the curacy of Lavington in Sussex, where four months later he succeeded to the living on the death of the Rector. Before the end of 1833 he had married a daughter of his predecessor, and was established with her in a home of which he wrote, "nothing is more beautiful in the natural order."

Lavington was not only a charming home but a model parish, to which the new Rector, ministering in love, continued the careful service and individual instruction of his predecessor, bringing to them a grace of manner and a zeal that made his fulfilment of them noteworthy. There was no question of what was believed and taught; both were prescriptive and as unchallenged as the indefinite authority to which all was in theory submitted, and whose strength lay so much in quiescence. Of what the Bishops were a visible sign it imported little to inquire, nor what was the intimate meaning of the Thirty-nine Articles. One was bowed to, the other sworn to; and for the rest, should a clergyman clothe upon his office with what Cardinal Manning later named pietism, it gave him a characteristic only, not a theological distinctiveness. The new Rector of Lavington was

quickly known as a preacher, and the published volumes of his early sermons bear witness to a growing power as he developed a style of his own. In July, 1835, he preached at a visitation in Chichester Cathedral. The principal theme was Unity, but the subject was treated from the unchallenged foundation of the Reformation, and dealt with dissent as hostile towards the unity of the English Church without any consideration of unity as existing outside that fixed and satisfying position. While claiming for the Church of England the rights of Apostolical succession, the preacher ignored the obvious fact that the *fons et origo* of dissidence in England was the Church of England itself. Prescription, however, had made his view general, possibly because the only alternative would have been to suggest that the unchanging Church of Rome was herself the dissident—a difficulty too large to be faced. Two or three years later the development of the theory of the Apostolical succession in regard to the English Church was beginning to be realized as untenable, owing to the influence of the Oxford Tracts; but with that movement, as it grew to be called, the Rector of Lavington had no close connection. In December, 1836, he assented to, and probably inspired, a circular in the name of a diocesan branch of the Translation Committee for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in which the Church of England was defined as "the mother of many churches in the colonies, and in a peculiar way the ark of the pure and apostolic faith amid the various conflicting errors of the Church elsewhere." The position is worth noting, though it would be beyond the limits of the present sketch to trace every transition of the convert's view, beginning as it did in loyalty under one head to end in devotion under another. Mr. Manning, it may be here remarked, was no ritualist in the present sense of the word; and the outward expression that caught the eye, before the belief it shadows had impressed the intellect, of so many of the new school of thinkers, had no special

attraction for him. Beauty, propriety, dignity in observance, expressed what he felt, more was the symbolism of what he did not yet accept, and even at a later period than the one we have reached, would have been to him void and therefore out of taste.

A deep sorrow was destined again to throw his mind back upon itself, and to help a slow dogmatic progression. The death of his wife in the summer of 1837 destroyed an absolute happiness "in the natural order," and broke up for ever the home life in its satisfying completeness. That a mind accustomed to look upwards should seek consolation and occupation in devout practice and devotional study, was natural. There was no taint of embittered resistance, or revolting doubt; and if the widowed husband found consolation in writing his parochial sermons by his wife's grave, strong in the sense of the communion of saints, it almost followed that his distraction should take the form of association with minds who expanded and encouraged that sense by the authority of early tradition. Confidence in the sympathy of the early exponents of Catholic belief is a step made towards acceptation of the unchanged and unchanging Faith. Thirteen years were to pass before the Rector of Lavington accepted it unconditionally, but the time may well be noted when the future convert first listens to the Church's voice in an attitude that is appealing. Mr. Manning had dipped into patristic literature already for the confirmation of evidence to suit his own standpoint; now his leisure was employed —and without the previous limitation—in a reading so wide and receptive that an intimate of later years noted it as "rare indeed to find him unacquainted with any passage of importance in the works of the Fathers; nor was he," it was added, "ever at a loss to quote from them passages bearing on any subject under discussion." The same authority wrote: "In the latter part of his life at Lavington his reading extended to the Schoolmen, especially the great post-Tridentine scholastics, so that

when he was received into the Church he was in a position to profit fully by the theological courses in Rome." This latter extension was probably the result of the Oxford Movement, to which he was soon to be united to some extent both in interest and expression.

But in 1841 he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, an office that required an intimate knowledge of views and parties in the English Church, with a direct affiliation to some section within it; and this intensified the loyalty he had always felt and taught towards the Establishment. The Archdeacon, however, was a "higher" churchman than the young Rector of 1833. Three years before his appointment he had preached a sermon in Chichester Cathedral that he afterwards developed, according to the fashion of the day, into a tract, printed under the title of *The Rule of Faith*. This had attracted attention, as, with a boldness then very uncommon, the author had allowed the existence, as an authority, side by side with that of the Anglican one of Scriptural Interpretation, the Tradition of the Catholic Church. The *Record*, a Low Church organ, had stigmatized this position as "apostasy." In 1841 a treatise on *The Unity of the Church* marked a farther advance. The writer had been following with attention, and therefore inevitably with the effect of an impression on his mind, the Oxford pamphlets, whose form lent a name to the Tractarian party, but his heart was all with the Church of England. Indeed, something of a revulsion from Catholic tendencies was judged by most of his friends interested in his career to be shown by the University sermon preached by the Archdeacon at Oxford on Guy Fawkes Day in 1843. The preacher dwelt on English Protestantism as a policy, one representing freedom from the secular denomination of the Pope of Rome as an independent prerogative of appointment. He pointed out how "for just causes and by a rightful authority the Roman jurisdiction was finally removed," and dwelling upon the Papal power,

which, because locally contested, he judged to be approaching towards dissolution, he prophesied the overthrow of St. Peter's Chair. Rome was outgrown and effete politically, but was allowed by the preacher some remaining rights in common with all the sects of the universe. In the sermon the speaker's adhesion to Anglicanism stands out prominently, and it enables us to realize what it ultimately cost his heart to cast off and turn his face away from a former Queen and Mother.

It is a commonplace to observe on the parallel between any slow-moving change and the advancing tide, but nothing so well illustrates the level marked by the university sermon in the progression of Archdeacon Manning's conversion, as to compare it with the falling back to a mark never again to be uncovered, of a retreating wave. Forty years later he wrote of the four years that followed as a time of declining spirituality, but it was not an easy path he was treading, even though the unceasing work of a conscientiously filled office reduced self-examination. The progress of thought first started by the question of the Bampton lectureship in 1836 received a strong impulse from the Ward proceedings of 1845, and it may be added that the outward form of his ministrations was suggestively progressive. He heard confessions as early as in 1842, and directed souls by correspondence, with no want of confidence in the expediency of either; and he followed with attention and unfailing interest the Oxford Movement, in which he was so far personally concerned as to contribute translations in support of the dogmatic pronouncements of the party. Of the exact weight of Newman's influence upon him it is difficult to judge. It was undoubtedly great, and the anguish of resentment with which Archdeacon Manning regarded his conversion in 1847 proved how keen was the pain it caused him. With respect to the influence of the movement he wrote in latter years: "I had left Oxford, given up my fellowship at Merton, and hardly knew the men who

were round Newman; they were a later generation. I never wrote a tract; I did not agree on many of them. I was absorbed in active work. . . . I seldom went to Oxford and had little correspondence with the men. Some I did not know by sight, and Ward I never saw till the time of his degradation. Newman knew this, and I remember his saying, 'I look upon you as an outside witness.' I read his books and the Tracts, and they helped me; but I read my own way, God guiding me, into the Church. I did not come by way of controversy but of work. . . . From 1837 to 1851 I was alone, reading and writing incessantly." But Cardinal Manning acknowledged fully the personal influence of the leader. In the funeral oration he delivered in 1890 he quoted one of his own letters, written nearly thirty years before, in which he had said: "To you I owe a debt of gratitude for intellectual light greater than to any one man of our time; and it gives me a sincere gratification now publicly to acknowledge it."

The progress of the two minds towards conviction was unlike in impulse, in mode, and in pace. On the appearance of Tract XC., the Archdeacon of Chichester was not prepared to step on to the platform with the party it voiced; and the sermon on the Gunpowder Plot, preached at a time when Newman was already withdrawn into his retreat at Littlemore, shows a wide division between the two minds on the surface; though, like the two sides of a crevasse, they narrowed together to the same base. "If," an able French critic has said of Archdeacon Manning, "he could have kept the faith which made him condemn the conversion of Newman as a crime, and confound Gladstone by attributing the quality of insincerity to all the new converts to Rome, he would have been a happier, and, in a natural sense, a stronger man." Happier, perhaps, "in a natural sense," but so early as this hardly stronger, for though he was clinging with both hands to the swell-tossed buoy of his belief in the indefectibility of Anglicanism, though he was arguing to convince

others and to keep himself convinced, it was an attitude of weakness, not of strength. Externally the effect of the division between the two minds was this: Newman felt he could no longer teach in the English Church, Manning felt compelled to do it all the more zealously, both for his own sake and that of others. And the more clearly he saw that the logic of Newman was irresistible, the more he clung to the teaching of his heart, which allowed him what the stronger head denied, and required him to labour with nervous zeal to keep all who consulted him clear of the perils of conversion. As to the results soon obvious in confession of thought with practice, of means with the objective, Manning himself wrote, "how to help to heal it I do not presume to say."

The story of the conversion may now be followed consecutively. In the early summer of 1847, a serious illness led to a short stay on the Continent with a friend, at which time the Archdeacon wrote, "I am willing to lay aside the work I am printing . . . I am willing to follow step by step, not knowing whither I go. I am willing in my superior[1] will, to go where God wills, and for as long and for such end as He ordains, whether for life or death, that living or dying I may be united to Him." Death then, and for some months to follow, did not seem far from the writer. On Easter Eve of the same year he had recorded in his private diary, "I wish still to keep myself as if I had received my discharge from this world, and to keep close to the cross. . . . I should soon grow again ambitious, conscious, and bold in spirit." His conscience, with a tenderness that foreshadowed the saintliness to which it was to lead him, had realized the extent of the "failure in spirituality" that was to be dwelt upon again in the closing retrospect of his life. The story-teller can only reverence that tenderness, and point out the unceasing struggle against temptation. Local examples

[1] The adjective is here used in a technical, or theological, sense.

of it abound in the notes written down to aid his own self-knowledge, and reflecting the feelings of the moment they dealt with. One reference, to the time preceding his ordination, will show, however, how little recalcitrant the impetuous spirit had been even in its youthful energy. Speaking of his political ambitions, Cardinal Manning could say on looking back to a time before he took orders in the English Church: "So I willed, but God willed otherwise. Had I not broken with the world I might not have been saved."

Again: "I think I had very strong ambitions for public life from 1829 to 1832. . . . When I was made Archdeacon of Chichester at thirty-one, I began to be conscious of influence; a desire and dream of rising came upon me. I was in the full stream, and constantly named for this or that. But when I had the offer of Sub-almoner to the Queen, which led directly to a bishopric, I refused it." He says too, elsewhere: "The conviction that I should lose singleness of eye in the atmosphere of the world kept me back." His clearness of vision was strengthened by seeing the effect of absorption in worldly work upon minds with which he was intimate; but each review is closed solemnly with an acknowledgement of divine assistance: "I stood upon the threshold, and every one about me bade me go onward. What kept me back? God alone." That, markedly, was the spirit of July, 1847, when, after a tour in Belgium and Germany, the doctors, who judged the short rest inadequate, ordered a winter at Nice. The Archdeacon left England in October with a sister and her husband, with whom, later, he went on to Rome. His diary for November contains notes of visits to churches and convents, where every detail interested him, and of the journey onwards, each point of which called forth admiration. Rome was reached on one of the last days of the month, and there Archdeacon Manning met congenial friends and entered upon a life of active observation and inquiry. A great interest in the

uncertain politics of the time did not detract from the interest he gave to all Catholic institutions and traditions, and though he was under the influence of liberal associations and progressive thought, so called, in the Anglo-Italian *coterie* into which he was introduced, his advance towards reconciliation with the Church can be traced in the increasing intimacy of his inquiries, and later in the change of phraseology employed with regard to it in his diary. There he records frequent attendance at Catholic sermons, on which he took notes for reconsideration in both thought and conversation; and visits to convents, churches, and colleges, undertaken in a spirit differing greatly from that of the cultured observation which had distinguished the graceful scholar on his visit ten years earlier. An audience of Pope Pius IX. was, however, only slightly reported, either from the reticence that throughout the diarist's life is conspicuous in his treatment of subjects very near to his heart, or perhaps because the tone of His Holiness's remarks on the English Church was felt at the time to be painful. The Anglican Archdeacon presented, at the request of his friend Mr. Sidney (afterwards Lord) Herbert, his own translation into Italian of a pamphlet on the Irish Famine. Besides a reference to this and to prison reforms in England, the Pontiff in a long conversation spoke about the English Church, and asked a few questions about its ritual. Thirty years later Cardinal Manning wrote: "I remember the pain I felt at seeing how unknown we were to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It made me feel our isolation"; and, it may be added, was a direct appeal to the sensitive heart. A call on Fr. Newman at Santa Croce is recorded almost without comment, and pilgrimages were made to the Gesù and to the Chiesa Nuova in the steps of the Jesuit and Oratorian Founders in a spirit of devout and appreciative inquiry. There were visits also to Naples made to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, where the subjects of conversation seemed to have been chiefly furnished by politics. A strong

antipathy to the Jesuits, who were expelled from Rome during the Archdeacon's stay, marked this, as also all conferences at the Cercolo Romano, which the Archdeacon frequented, where unlimited freedom of speech and opinion seems to have been indulged in and encouraged. All subjects, however, of domestic government, of dogma, history, and tradition, seem equally to have interested and been canvassed by the visitor, and his eager and often intimate questions to have been willingly answered by acquaintances of widely differing views —for among his aquaintances men of such differing schools and convictions as Abbé Gerbet, Padre Ventura, P. Paleotti, and F. O'Farrell, apart from English *dilettanti* in Roman politics, were included. His "direction" of many English friends was, however, still a sympathetic part of the Archdeacon's work. His visit to Assisi, paid after he left Rome, in May, 1848, seems to have made a directly religious impression. Politics and controversy are left behind, and his interviews at the birthplace of St. Francis with Padre Luigi, of the Order vowed to poverty and abstraction from wordly honour, left a lasting influence. The last words of the diary in reference to the visit summarize the impression: "Bade farewell to F. Luigi. He bade me consider and take counsel of some competent Catholic in England; said that God loves England; and that many are coming to the true Church, as many have already. . . . I asked his prayers; said we may never meet again; then I said, 'My one only aim in life is to unite my soul with God. If an unworthy sinner dare say this, I will dare.' He said 'Ah!' and kissed my right cheek much moved. We gave the kiss of peace and I went away." At Ravenna, Archdeacon Manning's next stage, he writes: "I hardly sufficiently collected consciousness enough to be interested," and this was at Dante's tomb, of whom he cannot help adding, "Certainly no poem has impressed me and lived in me as the *Divina Commedia*." Florence, Lucca, and Perugia were

visited in succession, and on June 7th the traveller reached Milan. Of the Duomo he recorded under the same date: "I find it pleases me more than last time, for I am less critical and observe details less." Here he took some trouble to see the sarcophagus of St. Charles Borromeo, and the next day, after a visit to San Ambrogio, attended High Mass at the Duomo. His remarks about all are those of a traveller; it seems as if the intimate experiences of Assisi were not repeated, and on returning to England, which he did ten days later, he resumed his parochial and official work.

"When men do good works God gives grace," were among the few words the Archdeacon of Chichester has recorded as spoken to him by Pope Pius IX., and to works of generous intention he turned, devoting for many months much time in both correspondence and public speaking to the National Society and its support of religious education. The appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, which, whilst he was in Rome, had called forth expressions of his opinion that the new prelate — whose views had been widely challenged within the Church of England twelve years earlier - disbelieved what was essential to the extent of being *ipso facto* heretical, was, however, an event that had impressed him deeply. His position was not stationary; and a year and a half later, when the Gorham appeal had opened up without disguise the question as to whether a man could remain a minister of the Church of England and disbelieve what had been unquestionably accepted as one of its constituent articles of faith — Regeneration in Baptism — a private letter of Archdeacon Manning's contains the following confession: "I have tried to hold my peace, to lose myself in work, to take in other subjects which I dearly love and delight in, but all in vain. My whole reason seems filled with one outline. The faith of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation subdues me into a belief of the indivisible unity and perpetual infallibility of the Body of Christ. Protes-

tantism is not so much a rival system, which I reject, but no system, a chaos, a wreck of fragments, without idea, principle, or life. . . . Anglicanism seems to me to be in essence the same, only elevated, constructed, and adorned by intellect, social and political order, and the fascinations of a national and domestic history. As a theology, still more as the Church, or the Faith, it has so faded out of my mind that I cannot say I reject it, but I know it no more. . . . I can form no basis, outline, or defence for it. Our articles and formularies, so far as they contain the Catholic tradition, I understand. But, beyond that, I have no certainty, sometimes no perception, of their meaning. . . . My only foundation of faith is the infallibility of Christ in His Church, and they are not utterances of that voice. I confess that I feel all this growing to an almost intolerable weight. And events are not so much changing as revealing the position and nature of the English Church. The Hampden confirmation and the Gorham appeal show me that the Church of England, supposing it to continue *in esse* a member of the visible Church, is in a position to which it is not safe to stay. But I have always felt that even these would not move me if I could by any means sincerely, and in the sight of God, justify the relation of the Church of England to the presence of our Lord ruling and teaching upon earth. I am forced to believe that the unity of His person prescribes the unity of His visible kingdom as one undivided whole; and that numbers are an accident." This long quotation from a letter written during the last days of 1849, is one of many extant addressed to intimate correspondents between that date and March, 1850, when judgement was pronounced in the Court of Arches against the appeal to invalidate the holder of a living in the Church of England, on account of his disbelief in baptismal regeneration.

Archdeacon Manning was in London at the time, and on his communicating the news to Mr. Gladstone it was

agreed between them that a Declaration should be got up and signed by their party, as a last resort, which should urge the pronouncement by the English Church in Convocation, or, failing that, by the Bishops collectively, on the validity of the doctrine of the remission of sins in baptism, as a protest, to the contrary judgement by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in whose name it stood. The Declaration was written and signed by thirteen members of the Church of England, clerical and lay, among whom Mr. Henry Wilberforce, Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce his brother, Mr. Badeley and Mr. Hope, barristers, connections or friends of the Archdeacon of Chichester, were reconciled to the Church within a short time—before or after—his own conversion. Mr. Gladstone, as a member of the Privy Council, judged himself unable to add his signature to the paper. That of Henry Edward Manning headed the list, and on March 19th he convened the clergy of his Archdeaconry and took their vote, which represented ninety-two out of one hundred names in support of the Declaration. He still was fighting for an authority he tried to believe could be externally justified, and that it was his duty, if he could compass it, to justify; and the strength of his tact and influence is apparent in the large majority of the vote which was embodied in an address to the Bishop of Chichester of the same date. Still later, too, Archdeacons Manning and Wilberforce drew up another Declaration, signed in their own names and that of Dr. Mill, Regius Professor at Cambridge, one of the former thirteen signatories, in which the obligation to the Oath of Supremacy was recognized as limited to civil matters, and this they circulated for subscription among the whole of the beneficed clergy of England. The result proved to be the adhesion of about one-ninth of the entire number, and showed plainly, what its originator must have realized with more grief than surprise, that unity was a phantom of his loving optimism. The Church of England had left him.

The summer brought a mass-meeting of protest in St. Martin's Hall, in London, which the Archdeacon attended somewhat against his will. He wrote to a sister in June that "he was deeply sad and reduced to silence. For I am compelled to acknowledge that the laws I believe to be divine are violated, and that the Church of England is in many points indefensible . . . Who has trusted and loved it more?" he adds of himself. "Who loves it more now, even when the foundations of trust are shaken?"—such were phrases that occurred in an open letter, and not, as earlier, a confidence intended to invite, if it might be, persuasion or disclaimer in opposition.

His last publication as a member of the Church of England was a letter to the Bishop of Chichester printed early in July under the title of *The Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown in Spiritual Matters*, of which he wrote to his fellow Archdeacon, Wilberforce, "I have written myself fairly over the border—or Tiber, rather."

A little later Mr. Allies' work on St. Peter's Chair impressed him, and he may have felt envy of the short and straight path that logical thinker had trodden, of the conviction that could say of his own clear and temperate but not bold letter to the Bishop of Chichester, "I am quite unable to make out what is [its] practical drift." Manning said of Mr. Allies' work that "it contained a mass of historical evidence that it would be immoral to set aside." The phrase occurred in a letter to Archdeacon Wilberforce, who seems to have deprecated haste in decision, for his drew forth a counter-reply which contained the words, "I seem to have no doubt how it will end. But six months would still be soon in such a death."

The writer was beginning to prepare for dying to all that "in the natural order" he held most dear. A third and last impulse was given by the promulgation of the Papal Bull that restored the Catholic Hierarchy to England, and was met by a riotous outburst of

public fury. The three "impulses" given by this, with the earlier Hampden and Gorham controversies, are separately quoted, as a similar influence in their conversion, by both Cardinal Manning and Mr. Hope-Scott. The third drove conviction relentlessly home, by the sharp division shown, without the possibility of misapprehension, between Catholic and Protestant authority. As the first clear presentment of spiritual supremacy in England for many generations, it made obvious its absolute incompatibility with royal supremacy, and agitated England throughout its whole extent. Cardinal Wiseman was burnt in effigy, and in all the dioceses meetings were held to clear the local clergy from the imputation of sympathy with Roman claims. As Archdeacon, Manning was called upon by his Bishop in November "to convene this archdeaconry against the act of the Pope," an official duty he performed after having told Dr. Gilbert that the meeting must serve as the occasion of his announcing publicly the resignation of his office that he was waiting to place in the episcopal hands. "I went to the meeting," to employ his own explicit words, "and opened it formally, without any address. This was noted. They then passed their address and resolutions against the Papal Aggression. Finally they moved a vote of thanks to me. In answer, I said that 'it was the first and only time in ten years in which I had been separated in conviction and action from them; that I had no choice'; that 'necessity was laid upon me'; that 'I thanked them with all my heart for their brotherly love and the many acts of kindness and friendship, private and public, in the ten years I had held office among them'; that 'I should never forget it or them.' My dear old friend the Dean was crying, and many others. So we ended and parted. It was our last meeting, and the end of my work in the Church of England; for after that I only preached once, or, may be, a second time, at Lavington. On 8th December, I think, I left it and never came back."

The agony had begun some weeks before. The six months which the Archdeacon had prophetically fixed as the interval, on September 26th, wore on, whilst he still clung, though without hope and against reason, to his nursing-mother. On December 11th he wrote to Mr. Hope, who was to pace with him hand-in-hand the last steps of the journey: "I feel with you that the argument is complete. For a long time I nevertheless felt a fear lest I should be doing an act morally wrong. This fear has passed away, because the Church of England has revealed itself in a way to make one fear more on the other side. It remains, therefore, an act of the will. But this, I suppose, it must be. And in making it I am helped by the fact that to remain under our changed, or revealed, circumstances would also be an act of the will, and that not in conformity but in opposition to intellectual real conviction; and the intellect is God's gift and our instrument for obtaining the knowledge of His will."

Mr. Manning spent the winter in London, and for some weeks longer attended the services of the English Church and received Communion, but he was loosening the external bonds and drawing near to freedom. To an old friend, who had worked with him as his curate at Lavington, and had preceded him into the Church, he wrote, at the end of January: "I have been dealing one by one with the many bonds of duty which bind me on every side, unravelling some and breaking others. I owe still some acts of deliberation to particular persons. When they are discharged I shall believe that I stand before God alone, with no responsibility but for my own soul. And then, I trust, I shall not be wanting to the inspiration of His will." "Let me have your prayers for light and strength," he had said to another convert—Lord Campden—a few days earlier, and the words may serve to accentuate our perception of the heart's struggle. There was a sensitive fear of leaving the old work entangled, of hurting feelings, of giving scandal to close

followers by reflections cast upon beliefs they still held, that seems excessive, but that were characteristic of the highly-strung nature. For the first it was, perhaps, the result of Manning's artistic sense of perfection; "to do things ill gave him pain," as he recorded of boyish games and manly sports, and he found it difficult to lay things aside in a slovenly or dislocated condition. He put his house in order with scrupulous exactness, but there was no doubt in connection with the employment—it was a setting in order for departure. And there was, besides consideration for others, a certain physical fear, which he compares to the feeling on a mountain road which looks perilous, though reason may assure the traveller of safety. This can be understood of a nature so highly organized as to be unable to speak of, or even write in a locked diary to himself alone, of his greater griefs. Such was Mr. Manning's personal suffering. The deterioration of his health testified to it, and his pathetic appeal to the friend who was received with him, that they "might keep together," together cross the waters of separation, is the proof of it. The attachment of his nature referred to earlier as a salient characteristic, was to be conquered before the end, and the end, as he has himself said, was like death. "In the month of March, I think," the Cardinal wrote retrospectively many years later, "I went into the City and executed the resignation of my office and benefice before a public notary; and then returned over Blackfriars Bridge, and went to St. George's and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. It was then and there that I said my first Hail Mary."

Our Lady communicated to him of the fulness of Her grace, and a very few days were to elapse before he could write how "by the mercy of God I entered the one true fold of His Son." The life of detachment began on that Monday in Passion Week, when Mr. Manning, after his reception by Father Brownbill, heard High Mass sung in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street, for the first time as a Catholic. Mr. Hope-Scott

was received the same day, and on Palm Sunday both were confirmed and communicated in Cardinal Wiseman's private chapel. Mr. Manning received the tonsure at the same time by Dr. Wiseman's desire.

Two more quotations may best express the completeness of satisfaction granted. "With the fullest conviction both of reason and of conscience we have sought admittance into what we alike believe to be the one true fold and Church of God on earth. Pray for me that I may be thankful for the peace that overflows even in the midst of human sorrow. So it must be, for so He foretold; but all is well if we may do His will and see His face at the last." These words were written on April 6, 1851, within a few hours of Mr. Manning's reception. The following are dated December 31st, of the same year, and were written for himself alone: "What a year: what a year of grace, not only into the one fold, but into the pastor's office. *Fungi sacerdotis, post hoc nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ.*"

Ambition had been laid aside once and for ever—the love of life, the love of glory and of the earthly ideal. Born with every sense alive to praise and love, the applause of many, the satisfaction of self-culture among the few, the convert gave up all he had gathered with open hands. And in the future, when power was lent again and influence, a great work done, and a nascent authority established; when he had ruled, by serving, alike the very poor and the great, the Cardinal Archbishop was able to write of the world in his old age with a sincerity that no one dared to challenge; "I have only gone into it as fireman on duty for more than thirty years."

Cranmer and Anne Boleyn.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, S.J.

THE name of Thomas Cranmer must always occupy a conspicuous place in English history. He was the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and he held that eminent position for nearly the quarter of a century. During the whole of that period he contributed largely to the overthrow of the Catholic Church in England and to the establishment of that form of worship by which it was succeeded, and which has continued with a few alterations down to our own day. It was chiefly by his agency that the severance of the Church of England from the unity of the Catholic faith was effected; and to him in a great measure was due the introduction among us of that extreme class of Continental Reformers, such as Bucer and Peter Martyr, from whom descended the Puritans of a later generation. In these present times of religious inquiry it is important for us to ascertain for ourselves not only what was the character of the changes effected by Cranmer, but also what was the character of Cranmer himself. We should like to know what manner of man he was; how he lived and how he died, with whom he associated, what he wrote, what he preached, what he practised. Whether we admire his character or despise it; whether we agree with his opinions or reject them; whether we hold him to be a martyr or a heretic; must depend in a great degree upon what the man was during the period of his human life among other men. But how are we to arrive at this information? The books upon the subject to which we are referred are costly, scarce, and one-sided; with hardly an exception they are written by partisans; they often suppress the truth and oftener still they distort it. Thus a primary difficulty is in the way of the inquirer, but it is not insuperable. The following outline of Cranmer's history in as far as he was connected with Anne Boleyn may possibly help the reader to arrive at a conclusion. The facts which are here narrated are derived

with scarcely an exception, from Protestant writers, very frequently from the published writings and letters of the Archbishop himself. The author of the following pages has refrained for the most part from making observations upon the facts which he has recorded, feeling persuaded that the inferences to which they lead may safely be left to the good sense and honest convictions of the reader himself.

Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, was born on the 2nd of July, 1489, at Aslacton, in the parish of Whatton, Nottinghamshire. His father Thomas was of respectable family, and held a good position as a country gentleman, the property on which he lived having descended to him from ancestors who had held it from the beginning of the century. His mother's name was Agnes Hatfield, of Willoughby, whose family was somewhat superior to that of her husband.[1] Of the early years of Thomas the son we know little. He was reared as one of his state of life might be expected to be at the period; he was familiar with country sports and a good rider. We have the authority of the holy martyr Campion for stating that his appearance was venerable. His manners and address were agreeable. An early authority tells us that "he learned his grammar of a rude parish clerk in that barbarous time, unto his age of fourteen years," when upon the death of his father in 1503, he was sent to complete his education at Jesus College, Cambridge. Here his progress must have been at least respectable, for in 1515 he obtained a fellowship, which however he lost shortly afterwards by reason of his marriage. At this time he was not in Holy Orders.[2]

The circumstances which attended this change of condition are not clearly ascertained, for his biographers are careful not to enlarge upon them. But the estimation in which his wife was held may be inferred from the name by which she was generally known in the University, "Black Joan of

[1] Much interesting information on the early history of the Archbishop's ancestors may be seen in the *Genealogical Memoirs of the Kindred Families of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas Wood, Bishop of Lichfield.* By R. E. C. Waters. London, 1877. 4to.

[2] Strype's *Life of Cranmer*, i. 2. Edit. Oxf. 1840.

the Dolphin," such being the sign of the tavern of which she was an inmate. When charged at a later period with this marriage Cranmer did not deny the fact, but answered "that whether she was called black or brown he knew not; but that he married there one Joan, that he granted." The young couple took up their abode at the said Dolphin, and there Mrs. Cranmer gave birth to a child. This connection did not last long, for both the baby and the mother happening to die shortly afterwards, his friends at Jesus reinstated the widower in the fellowship which he had vacated on his marriage, an arrangement sanctioned by the laws of the College.[1] Here he seems to have resided for several years afterwards, occupied in study and tuition. We are told that "he was a slow reader but a diligent marker of whatsoever he read, for he seldom read without pen in hand." Proofs of his industry still remain in several large volumes which are preserved in the libraries of Lambeth Palace and the British Museum, consisting chiefly of extracts from and references to the Fathers and Schoolmen, selected by himself and then copied out according to his instructions by his transcribers.[2]

During a considerable portion of the time thus occupied Cambridge was the home of no less eminent a scholar than the learned Erasmus. The influence of the holy martyr John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, had obtained for Erasmus the Professorship of Divinity, and the reputation he had already earned for himself attracted a large number of the members of the University to hear his lectures, among whom it is more than probable that Cranmer was one. Certain it is that the writings of this learned humanist became a favourite study with him, and as such cannot but have had an evil influence upon his faith, containing as they do the germ of principles which if pushed to their legitimate conclusion end in doubt and infidelity. Cranmer's friends let us know that from Erasmus Cranmer passed on by a natural gradation to the study of Luther, after which, "considering what great controversy there was in matters of religion," he applied himself for three whole years to the understanding of the Scriptures. And this kind of study

[1] *Cranmer's Works*, ii. 219, 557. Edit. Parker Soc. 1846.
[2] *Ibid.* ii. 7, 8; Jenkyns' *Life of Cranmer*, iv. 147.

he used until he was made Doctor of Divinity in the year 1523, he being then about thirty-four years old.[1] He continued for some time longer to work in the same direction, until at last he seems to have attained the reputation of being a high authority among the Reformers at Cambridge.[2] But it was not until some years after the events to which reference has here been made that his qualifications as a disputant against the authority of the Holy See became known beyond the limits of his own University; and for this unhappy notoriety he was indebted to an accident. But in explanation of this incident a few explanatory remarks here become necessary.

Very shortly after his accession to the throne Henry VIII. married Catherine of Arragon, she at the time being twenty-four years of age, and he eighteen. She had been the wife of Prince Arthur, Henry's elder brother, but the young couple had never cohabited, and she affirmed that the marriage had never been consummated. It happened that the three sons to whom she gave birth died in their infancy; and Henry, like all the Tudors, was nervously apprehensive that in the event of his death without an heir male the crown of England would pass into some other branch of the ancient royal family. His life, long licentious, had become notoriously profligate when Anne Boleyn attracted his notice; and by steadily resisting his solicitations to become his mistress, she suggested or encouraged (at last successfully) the idea of a divorce from Catherine and a marriage with herself. The Papal Court opposed the application for a divorce, and Henry employed every effort to overcome this difficulty, conscious that so long as it existed no progress could be made towards the end which he had so much at heart, a marriage with Anne Boleyn. Henry had tried promises, threats, and bribes in vain; the Pope was firm, and the royal lovers were in despair.

Such was the state of affairs when in the year 1529 an epidemic, which went by the name of the Sweating Sickness,[3]

[1] Strype, i. 3.

[2] The anti-Catholic party must have been strong at Cambridge about this time; and it is probable that among his fellow-students Cranmer may have reckoned such men as Bilney, Bayfield, Dusgate, Roy, Frith, Lambert, and Barnes, all of whom were burnt for heresy.

[3] *Lord Herbert*, p. 345. Edit. Ward and Lock.

broke out in England. It was very general and very fatal; and so great was the dread which it inspired that for a time public business was suspended. The courts of law did not sit either in London or the country, the inmates of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were dispersed, and the tutors and pupils found a residence elsewhere as best they might. Cranmer at the time had under his care the two sons of a gentleman of the name of Cressy, to whose house at Waltham Cross, in Essex, they and their tutor naturally betook themselves. Here they met Edward Foxe, the King's almoner, and Stephen Gardiner, the King's secretary, both of whom had retired from Court by reason of the prevailing sickness. The conversation naturally turned upon the all-absorbing question of "the King's great matter," and each man expressed his opinion upon it. Cranmer being invited, as an authority from Cambridge, to say what he thought, maintained that the whole question had been misunderstood and mismanaged from the beginning. Money and time, he said, had been wasted from the spring of 1527 to the present year of grace 1529. According to him the Pope had no jurisdiction whatever in the matter, and it ought never to have been taken into his Court. He argued the point at considerable length, and met the objections which were brought by Foxe and Gardiner against it. They were struck by the bold novelty of the argument, and lost no time in reporting it to Henry, who listened with deep interest to the account which they gave of the learning and acuteness of the Cambridge doctor. He expressed his approval of Cranmer's argument with more force than elegance, remarking, "I perceive that this man hath the right sow by the ear."[1] The result was a command for Cranmer to betake himself to Greenwich, there in person to unfold to the King the novel plan which he had excogitated for the solution of the difficulty which the Pope and the Papal Court had declared to be insoluble.

When the interview took place, Henry heard and approved; but as he wished to study the subject at his leisure, he requested Cranmer to reduce it to writing, and return with it when completed. He remarked that this could not be done in safety at Cambridge, where he might

[1] Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, iii. 136. Edit. 1853.

be seduced from his allegiance, or bribed or threatened by the opposite party. A home near the Court was therefore provided for him by the thoughtful care of the King himself; and he was told that he might for the future consider himself a member of the household of the Earl of Wiltshire.

The household of Sir Thomas Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, and Earl of Wiltshire, was not exactly the place, we should have imagined, which should have been selected for the residence of a doctor of divinity.[1] Even with his recollection of the homely manners and conversation of Black Joan and the other frequenters of the Dolphin at Cambridge, we can imagine, without being uncharitable, that his present more aristocratic abode at Durham House must at times have shocked the propriety of the future Archbishop of Canterbury. But that it did so nowhere appears. He gladly accepted it, because Henry had commanded it. The family of the Boleyns was already too well known to the scandal-mongers of the English Court, where it had acquired a character which was notorious rather than illustrious. The Countess of Wiltshire had attracted the admiration of Henry at an early period of his life, and she yielded to his solicitations during the lengthened absence of her husband, whom the King took care to employ on a foreign embassy. When she ceased to be a novelty in the eyes of the royal libertine, he transferred his attentions to her eldest daughter, Mary, who in due course followed the example and shared the fate of her mother. In February, 1521, Mary became the wife of William Cary, her guilty intercourse with the King still continuing; and it is stated in a contemporaneous paper yet in existence, that her reputed son, Thomas Cary, was in reality the son of King Henry.[2] Of the laxity of the conduct of Anne Boleyn, the third daughter, while she was a resident in the French Court, there can be little doubt, as frequent notices of it occur in contemporary French memoirs, which it is unnecessary to quote in detail; while her guilty intercourse with Henry was notorious, and as to

[1] Yet, without meaning to be satirical, Strype tells us that Cranmer was "suitably placed with the Earl of Ormond." (*Life*, i. 6.) He was quite right, without intending it.

[2] Paul Friedmann, *Anne Boleyn*, ii. 334. Edit. 1834.

her adulteries with Noreys, Smeton, Weston, and Brereton, and still more, as to the hideous charges publicly brought against her of her sin with her brother—for which he died on the scaffold—this is no place for any further notice. In short, the entire household was reeking with profligacy; and Durham House, lately an episcopal residence, had now become little better than a house of call, convenient but not respectable, for the King and his dissolute companions. Such was the new home of the future Archbishop, and he seems to have been satisfied with it.

It may be said however that Cranmer had no alternative, and that the King's commands must be obeyed. Granted. Henry was one of those persons whom it was not safe to disobey, and he had his own reasons for placing the Cambridge doctor under the immediate charge of the Boleyns. He seems to have understood Cranmer's character from the beginning, and saw at a glance that he might be easily moulded, that his principles were weak and his morality was accommodating. Anne too would be kind to him. Cranmer submitted with a good grace, and seems to have been happy in his surroundings. My Lord of Wiltshire becomes his "singular good lord," and he takes a kindly interest in "my lady, your wife, and my Lady Anne, your daughter." Further, he chronicles with satisfaction how "the King and my Lady Anne rode yesterday to Windsor, and this night they be looked for again at Hampton Court."[1] These words are taken from a letter addressed by Cranmer to the Earl; and they do not convey the idea that the writer of them was either ill at ease or dissatisfied with his position, or shocked at the relations in which the royal profligate and the unmarried daughter of the household, to which he was now chaplain and confessor, stood towards each other.

Cranmer proceeded therefore with the composition of his treatise against the divorce, which on its completion he submitted to the King. So far as the treatise itself was concerned Henry was satisfied; but something further remained to be done. He inquired of Cranmer, "Will you abide by this that is here written, before the Bishop of Rome?" "By God's grace that will I do," quoth

[1] *Cranmer's Works*, ii. 229, 231.

Dr. Cranmer, "if your Majesty do send me thither." "Marry," quoth the King, "I will send you even to him on a sure embassage." Henry kept his promise. In January, 1530, an embassy was sent by him to the Pope, the Emperor (who was most hostile to the divorce), and others, which consisted of the Earl of Wiltshire, who had an allowance of 100*s.* a day, and of Dr. Lee, who had 26*s.* 8*d.*[1] They were afterwards accompanied by Dr. Cranmer, whose position was evidently a very subordinate one, as the comparatively small amount of 6*s.* 8*d.* a day only was assigned to him. They were directed to proceed to Rome, but what were their instructions we know not. We may state at once that from the outset Cranmer's mission to the Holy See was a failure. It attracted no attention. As early as the 12th of July he announced that the success of the embassy was small, and that he looked for nothing but opposition from the Pope and all his Cardinals. He had evidently miscalculated his own powers from the beginning, and he now found it out. Time as it advanced proved the accuracy of these anticipations, and before the summer came to an end Cranmer had learned the truth. Every argument that he advanced in favour of the divorce was met by a refutation. To remain longer in Rome was only a waste of time and money, so he resolved to leave it; and in the month of September he shook the dust from his feet as he looked his last look upon the Eternal City, and muttered his parting malediction upon the Successor of St. Peter.[2]

Yet this mission to Rome bore its fruits in another direction, and we have no cause to regret that it was undertaken. It enables us to understand more clearly than we otherwise might have done without it the true character of the person in whom we are for the time interested. The Pope believed Cranmer to be what he represented himself to be, that is, an honest man and a good Catholic. He was neither the one nor the other. He pretended to be a Catholic, and he acted as such externally, but in his heart he was a Lutheran. The world knew him to be a Doctor of Divinity in a Catholic

[1] Rymer, *Fœd.* xiv. 354.
[2] Brewer's *Calendar of Papers of Henry VIII.* 6,531.

University, and was justified in concluding that as such he held all the articles of the Catholic faith. And he pretended to be this, and nothing less than this. During his stay in Rome he said his daily Mass and joined externally in the other functions of the Catholic religion, yet all the while he regarded some of the doctrines of the Church as heretical, and its worship as blasphemous. But so well did he play his part that the Holy Father was thoroughly deceived in him; and in token of his confidence conferred upon him the office of Papal Penitentiary,[1] thereby marking the respect which he reposed in his prudence, his learning, and his probity. The Pope judged of him as one honest man would judge of another, and was deceived; but it has been remarked long ago that it "is better to be cheated than to cheat," and if we wanted an illustration of the adage, the present might serve our purpose.

Leaving the Papal Court, where he had made small progress in forwarding Henry's great cause, Cranmer determined upon trying how far he could succeed in obtaining the signatures of the professors and lawyers in the Universities of Northern Italy to a statement affirming their belief that Henry's marriage with Catherine of Arragon was invalid from the beginning, and consequently that he was at liberty to marry Anne Boleyn. But here also the result was far from satisfactory, for he and his companion, Croke, speedily discovered that the popular feeling was against them. In their anxiety to have something to show to Henry in proof of their industry in his service, they permitted themselves to be imposed upon by men without conscience, who did not scruple to accept the King's money for documents which were utterly worthless. Of the papers which Croke received in one day, he candidly admitted that only "two out of seven were worth a button, but they be omnigatherum." Their chances were equally gloomy in dealing with the doctors of Ferrara, Milan, Cremona, Pavia, Mantua, and Turin.[2] These two subordinate agents, Cranmer and Croke, soon discovered that

[1] See Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, iii. 141, and the authorities there quoted.

[2] Croke to Cranmer [October, 1530], *Calendar*, 6,671.

they had been anticipated by the prior visit of Stokesley, Bishop of London, whom Henry had already sent into Italy with a similar object; and who, being provided with more liberal funds, had secured all the votes and opinions that were worth the having. Such being the case, Cranmer returned to England towards the end of the year 1530, when Henry rewarded him with the archdeaconry of Taunton.[1] He still clung close to the family of the Boleyns, by the influence of whom he was appointed by the King to act as Ambassador to the Emperor Charles V. early in 1532 upon a similar mission. At that time Charles had been resident in Germany, but it was known that he was really on the road to Italy, to which Cranmer followed him. Cranmer stood at this time upon the brink of a precipice, and though he may have been partially conscious of the danger of his position, he had not the courage to draw back whilst the opportunity of doing so was still vouchsafed to him. Let us see in what the danger consisted.

Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, died on August 23, 1532, and a month afterwards Cranmer was recalled home, and a successor as Ambassador to the Emperor was appointed in his stead.[2] He arrived in England about the middle of December, and the vacant archbishopric was immediately offered to him by the King. In fact he knew of it long before, and he admits that such was the case. This nomination by Henry, as well as its acceptance by Cranmer, were attended by circumstances of a nature so peculiar as to demand a few words of inquiry and possible explanation.

In this matter of the preferment of Cranmer to the see of Canterbury the conduct of Henry was unusual. He had arrived at his decision as to Warham's successor in the English primacy with exceptional rapidity. Generally he was in no haste to fill up a vacant bishopric, more especially if it happened to be well endowed; because during the vacancy of the see its revenues found their way into the royal exchequer. Such was the case with York, Winchester, and Durham, all of them wealthy appointments, during Henry's own reign. Why then should there be such exceptional haste in regard to Canterbury, the income of

[1] Strype, i. 20. [2] Strype, *ibid.*

which was superior to any of the others? And more than this—how came it to pass that the King's intention of appointing Cranmer should be known to that individual long before his arrival in England, while he was yet in a remote part of the Continent, as we learn from himself? By whom was this piece of official information communicated to him, a private individual in an inferior position, while it was yet a secret to the outer world at home? That such was the fact rests upon his own authority. His words when under examination were these: "When King Henry did send for me in post that I should come over, I prolonged my journey by seven weeks at the least, thinking that he would be forgetful of me in the meantime."[1] The counsel for the prosecution saw it from a different point of view: according to them the appointment was simply a private bargain between the King and Cranmer, of which the terms proposed by the latter were roughly these: "Give me the archbishopric of Canterbury, and I will give you license to live in adultery."[2] And the events which speedily followed prove that this explanation is the true one. For what were Cranmer's recommendations for the archbishopric? Simple unquestioning subservience to Henry's will, and very little more. He could have had only a vague and general acquaintance with the practical duties of the office which he was about to undertake. He knew nothing of the working of any single diocese in England. The trials and difficulties of the parochial priest were an unexplored region. He was ignorant of the traditions, rules, and feelings of every Religious Order. His life had been spent in a University amidst lectures, examinations, disputations, and similar duties; and thus slenderly provided he was about to be nominated to the highest ecclesiastical dignity which England had to offer, and he was about to accept it. Well might the world wonder, and ask what the arrangement meant. And the answer was not far to seek. It meant a divorce and a marriage.

But this was not the only difficulty which Cranmer had to encounter. Another remained to be solved, and it was at once the more difficult of the two and the more

[1] Examination before Brokes, *Works*, ii. 216. [2] *Ibid.* 217.

dangerous. He could easily ignore the difficulties of the former, but it was not so easy to shun the perils of the latter. When Cranmer returned to England from the Continent in obedience to Henry's mandate, he was not alone; he is said by good authority to have brought with him a companion whose acquaintance he had formed in Germany under circumstances too peculiar to be passed over in silence.

It will be remembered that he had been sent by Henry as his emissary to the Emperor Charles V., a friendly relation with whom it was important for England to cultivate at this time, inasmuch as he was nephew to Queen Catherine, whom Henry was about to repudiate. At this juncture Charles happened to be resident in Nuremberg, and Cranmer followed him thither. Here he found himself in the midst of an excited population which at the time was deeply interested in the all-absorbing controversies which were there and then being waged between the Catholics and the Protestants. Charles was at the head of the former, and a conspicuous leader of the latter was a Lutheran preacher of the name of Osiander.[1]

Andrew Osiander occupies a position of some eminence among the secondary leaders of the Reformation. We may judge of the estimate in which he was held by many from the fact that whilst yet in his twenty-second year he had been elected to the office of preacher in the great Church of St. Laurence in Nuremberg. He was learned, eloquent, and earnest, but his character was not without its faults, and those of a very grave character. He was proud and arrogant; his temper was violent and his language was coarse, at times even brutal. He offended the pacific Melancthon and exasperated the more excitable Calvin, who thus speaks of him in a letter addressed to the former: "I wonder how you can so long tolerate Osiander. From the time that I first saw him I detested his profane spirit and gross manners. When he finds the wine good at a feast he gives utterance to sentiments which cause him to be regarded as a wild beast which no one can tame. I for

[1] Born December 19, 1498, died October 17, 1552. See his Life in *Vitæ Theologorum Germanorum*, by Melchior Adam, Francof. 1706, fol. p. 109.

my part have always considered him as the disgrace of the Protestant party."[1] The portrait is far from attractive, though drawn by one Reformer of another, and it naturally suggests the question, What could have induced Cranmer to associate with such a man? We presently find, however, that the attraction was not so much in Osiander as Osiander's niece, who resided with him. Doubtless she was young and good-looking; Cranmer saw her, admired her, paid his addresses to her, and married her. When, where, according to what rite, before what witnesses, under what circumstances, we know nothing. We here find ourselves on the threshold of a mystery the key to which has been lost. We only know that she became his wife and the mother of his children. The whole transaction is so obscure, it so entirely violates all the rules of the probable, that the first impulse of common sense is to reject it as a clumsy calumny. Yet it stands upon firm ground, for Cranmer himself admitted the fact. When under examination at his trial he confessed that being in Holy Orders he had married a second wife named Anne, and so was twice married; and that in the time of King Henry he had kept the same woman secretly and had children by her.[2] From whatever side we approach it this episode in Cranmer's history is a riddle. He must have known the danger which he incurred by contracting such a marriage. He must have known the state of the law of the Church and of England upon the question, and the feelings of his lord and master, the imperious Henry. The King had no intention of abrogating the ordinary Canon Law, and that law disqualified the man who had married twice, however lawfully, so that he could not be ordained priest or consecrated Bishop. A similar irregularity was incurred by the invalid marriage of a priest. Yet he, a priest, a widower, and about to become an archbishop, a man of mature years and wide experience, deliberately put himself into this position of danger. He could not expect that the affair would escape detection, and

[1] See Calvin to Melancthon, Ep. 141, and further in the same volume, Epp. 179, 355, 392. Edit. 1576. Writing to George, Prince of Anhalt, Melancthon styles him "the most arrogant of men." (Ep. 259. Edit. Lond. 1642.)

[2] *Works*, ii. 219. Edit. Parker Society. See further the Cranmer pedigree in Waters' *Genealogical Memoirs*, p. 77.

he must have known that detection might, and probably would, be followed by degradation. Yet with all these deterrent considerations appealing to his common sense and prudence, he plunged into this illicit connection with a blind haste which suggests the only explanation which has as yet been brought forward.

It has been conjectured then that Cranmer entered into this connection not of his own free-will, but in order to escape unpleasant results which otherwise, on his refusal, would have overtaken him:—that having compromised himself with this niece of Osiander, he was driven to accept the only terms of escape from exposure—perhaps of personal violence—which were offered to him, by making the young woman his wife. However plausible this solution of the problem may look, I am bound to affirm that there is no documentary evidence whatever of its truth, and that it is here mentioned only to say thus much respecting it. Cranmer has enough to do to bear the weight of the sins and follies which can be proved against him; to debit him with others which rest only on surmise or speculation would be unjust. We may permit him to proceed on his homeward journey haunted by the consciousness that in the person of his second wife (if she indeed accompanied him) he carried the proof and the punishment of his crime. I have here spoken with some hesitation as to Mrs. Cranmer having gone at this time into England along with the Archbishop-elect, because I find that the truth of this fact is denied by one of his chief defenders, the Rev. John Strype, who writes thus categorically: "When he returned from his embassy he brought her not over with him." The same author rejects as a ridiculous slander the story that he carried her about with him in a chest; evidently nothing more than a joke at the expense of the newly-married couple.[1]

Of greater moment is the question as to whether Cranmer's marriage was known to Henry. It is answered boldly in the affirmative by Strype, who says, "The King himself knew he had a wife well enough," but quotes no authority. Probably he is in the right, for it is difficult to imagine how it could be otherwise. The fact must have been

[1] See Nic. Sander, *De origine schismatic Anglic.* p. 58. Edit. 1587.

notorious at Nuremberg, and must have interested friend and foe alike; and Henry had many spies there and elsewhere. If Cranmer travelled from Nuremberg to London, in company with a young woman with whom he was on terms of suspicious familiarity, the fact must have excited scandal and inquiry in every town through which the couple passed; and scandal is always communicative. If she remained in her uncle's house after her husband's departure, she would be driven in vindicating her position to proclaim her marriage. Osiander had many enemies, as we have already stated, and he could not defend himself in this matter against them without implicating the Archbishop of Canterbury, now his nephew by marriage, and the news would speedily be forwarded to England. We may feel sure that long before his arrival in London the history of the manner in which he had compromised himself was known to the King and Anne Boleyn.

But here it will be asked, if Henry was aware of Cranmer's connection with this young woman, at once disgraceful and unlawful, would he have sanctioned it as he did, by raising such a man to the primacy of the English Church? Looking at the King as he was at this time, we may assume that Cranmer's *liaison* would neither shock nor disquiet him very deeply, nor was it probable that Anne would be scandalized beyond forgiveness. The one great object for which Cranmer's help was wanted was the King's divorce from Catherine of Arragon and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. He knew that Cranmer would do both the one and the other for him, and whatever else might be required; and he knew no other person who would be equally pliant. He could do it equally well, married or single. Moreover, there was one consideration which went far to reconcile him to make the nomination, even if he had ever doubted. So far from being a disqualification, Cranmer's marriage had in it something of a recommendation. It placed the future Archbishop more completely in the King's power than before. If on any future occasion he should exhibit any symptoms of hesitation in doing the will of his royal master, it would be enough to remind him of the hazardous position in which he stood before the law of the land, and then his submission would assuredly follow.

It was a possible contingency, however improbable. Henry knew the character of Cranmer, and Cranmer knew the character of Henry. And so the difficulty about the escapade of Nuremberg was forgotten on both sides for the present.

Cranmer, however, was not permitted to eat the bread of idleness. Shortly after his arrival in England his docility was subjected to a severe trial. To be of any use to Henry he must be invested with the dignities and privileges of Archbishop of Canterbury, and he could not become Archbishop of Canterbury without having previously professed canonical obedience to the Pope. But here arose the difficulty. The whole of his future policy was to be based upon the rejection of the Papal authority, which he was supposed just before to have sworn to support. First of all he was about to pronounce the sentence of divorce between Henry and Catherine, the marriage of whom the Pope had declared to be valid and canonical; and next he was about to unite Henry in marriage with Anne Boleyn, a connection which the Pope had forbidden as adulterous. How were the two lines of action to be brought into harmony? It was difficult, but Henry and Cramner were equal to the emergency. It was managed in this wise. Before the act of consecration at Westminster, Cranmer cleared the road for future operations by resigning into the King's hands all the Bulls which he had received from the Pope as preliminaries to that solemnity, and at the same time he renounced all the clauses, sentences, and injunctions which these instruments contained; professing at the same time that he held his see entirely from His Majesty, to whom he then swore obedience and fealty. He had obtained these Bulls from Rome by a fraud, and having obtained them he employed them fraudulently. He had applied for them in the usual way through an agent whom he sent to Rome for the purpose. Among them was the oath of canonical obedience to the Pope, which that agent had applied for and received in the usual manner. All these documents were solicited and accepted by Cranmer as valid and operative, he all the while meaning to treat them as so much waste paper; and they were granted by the Holy See in the belief that they would be received and dealt with

in good faith. The Pope believed Cranmer to be an honest man and a sound Catholic, but the Pope was mistaken. The difficulty with Rome being thus surmounted by the issue and acceptance of the Bulls, Cranmer's agent returned in triumph to London with the documents in his possession, which he handed over to the Archbishop-elect. So far the fraud had been successful, and the first step was taken for the severance of England from the unity of the Catholic Church, a unity which had existed from the Pontificate of Gregory the Great.

To have succeeded in procuring these necessary papers was to have overcome the chief difficulty of the case, and the subsequent steps in this ecclesiastical fraud were easily and promptly accomplished. No time was lost in arranging for the performance of that act of consecration, which took place in the Abbey Church of Westminster on the 30th of March, 1533, the officiating prelates being Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, Voysey of Exeter, and Standish of St. Asaph. A large body of legal functionaries was in attendance in order to secure the due performance of every necessary formality, and to be able to certify at any future time that these acts had been duly discharged. But before the beginning of the ceremony, Cranmer, attended by four notaries, went into the Chapter House and there—in public or in private we know not,—protested that, by the oath which he was about to make according to the prescribed formula, he did not intend or undertake to do aught contrary to the laws of God, or the rights or laws of the State, or to hinder the reforms which he was about to introduce into the laws of England: and should it so happen that his proctor had taken any oath to the Pope which was inconsistent with that which he was now about to make to the King, he held the former oath to be null and invalid.[1]

Cranmer then proceeded to the high altar in the body of the church; and being vested and on his knees before the consecrating prelates, he read the contents of a schedule of parchment to the following effect; the promises con-

[1] See Strype's *Cranmer*, p. 26. Bishop Burnet (i. 129, Edit. 1679) thinks that in this transaction Cranmer "intended no cheat, but to act fairly and above-board."

tained in which he protested were to be understood according to the sense of the solemn asseveration shortly before made by him in the Chapter House. And then, laying both of his hands upon the open book of the Gospels, he took the following oaths, namely: "I will be faithful and obedient to the Blessed Peter, the Holy Apostolic Church of Rome, and our Lord Pope Clement VII. and his canonical successors. I will not consent, either by advice or act, to any injury done to them in any manner. I will not reveal to any one, to their disadvantage, any information with which they may have entrusted me. I will not consent to any injury being done to them in any way. I will not reveal their intentions to any one. I will assist in the preservation and defence of the Roman Papacy and the royalties of St. Peter against every one. I will treat with honour and will assist the Legate of the Apostolic See. I will carefully preserve, defend, increase, and promote, the rights, honours, privileges, and authority of the Church of Rome, and of our Lord the Pope and of his successors. I will take no part in any design prejudicial to him or to the Church of Rome, or to his person, rights, honour, or power, and will do my best to prevent the same. I will, to the best of my ability, observe, and cause others to observe, the rules of the Holy Fathers, their decrees, ordinances, and Apostolic mandates. To the best of my ability I will persecute and assail all heretics, schismatics, and rebels against our said Lord and his successors. I will attend the synods, unless canonically prevented. I will visit the Roman Curia once every second year, either personally or by proxy. I will not sell, nor give away, nor pledge, nor in any way alienate the possessions belonging to my household, without the consent of my Chapter and the approval of the Roman Pontiff. So help me God and these holy Gospels."[1]

The usual office of consecration then proceeded, and the new Archbishop received his pall; before the acceptance of which he once more read the preceding schedule explanatory of the sense in which he had made these oaths and promises, this being the third time that he had done so. He then asked the notaries to furnish him with attested

[1] Printed by Strype (Appendix, No. vi.) from Cranmer's *Register*.

copies of the proceedings of the day, and so the ceremony ended.

We turn from the contemplation of it more in sorrow than in anger. It was an evil day, in a temporal sense, for those to whom, like Queen Catherine and the Princess Mary, it brought nothing but sorrow and suffering; but how shall we estimate its effect, for time and eternity, upon the faith and the morals of the millions who from that day adopted the creed and lived the life enforced upon their unwilling acceptance "by Henry VIII., on earth supreme head of the Church of England"?

The crowd which had gathered round the stately abbey church of Westminster on the 30th of March, 1533, slowly dispersed at the conclusion of the ceremony which there and then had given to England a new Archbishop and a new religion; and the individuals of whom that crowd was composed, as they went homewards, expressed to each other their hopes or their fears with an earnestness warranted by the gravity of the occasion. How much soever they may have differed upon other points, it is probable that they agreed in thinking that the rite which they had just witnessed was pregnant with events of the deepest significance. How was it to be interpreted? Was it for good or for evil? What was coming next? Here opinions differed, but two predominated, under which, roughly speaking, the bulk of the nation might be classed; and upon each of these a few words of introduction have become necessary.

We have no difficulty in recognizing the party of the Reformation. It is the more noisy and demonstrative section of the assembly, though numerically by far the smaller; it is the party which sides with Henry, Anne Boleyn, and Cranmer. It makes itself conspicuous by the confidence of its bearing, and its loud expressions of joy at the triumph which it has that day achieved over the long and unbroken tradition of the Catholic Church in England. It has its sneer at the overthrow of the Papal Antichrist, and the severance of England from the mystical Babylon of Rome, expressions which it has caught from the "new learning" of Tyndal and Barnes, Bilney and Latimer. It goes a step further, and ventures to predict what it hopes will come to pass in no very remote future, as read by the

light which had at last begun to dawn upon the country. Its more advanced members had learned, with the facile aptitude of rebellion, that Cranmer's principles and Henry's reckless extravagance would lead to the overthrow of the old monastic system in England; and they ventured to hope that in the scramble over the accumulated wealth and landed property which would then of necessity ensue, a few crumbs of comfort might possibly fall into their own garner. Descending to a yet lower stratum of society in this class, utterance was given to the feeling that a more elastic code of morality than that which had hitherto been enforced by the clergy was desirable and even possible. The example of Luther and Catherine Boren was encouraging. Henry was no very strict moralist. The character which Anne Boleyn had earned for herself in the Court of France was discussed, and the experiences of the twice-wedded Archbishop of Canterbury afforded much amusement even to his most devoted partisans. Human passions and temporal motives influence many, and doubtless they had their ordinary weight with those who ranged themselves with the adherents of progress.

But on the other hand the wishes and feelings of the larger number of the English people were in direct and decided opposition to such dangerous speculations, and their convictions were firm in the necessity of supporting the existing order of things in Church and State. This party included nearly the whole of the clergy, secular and regular, the bulk of the nobility, by far the larger portion of the landed gentry, and with rare exceptions the entire body of the agricultural population. Thus superior in wealth, influence, and intelligence, the Conservative party ought easily to have held its own against their antagonists the innovators; and probably it would have done so but for the combination of those two elements of evil, the influence of Henry in the Parliament and Cranmer in the Church. Each of these two was comparatively powerless without the assent and assistance of the other, but when united they were irresistible.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had now become, and was henceforth to continue to be, a mere tool in the hands of the Sovereign, and his sole function was to carry into

execution the measures prescribed to him by that supreme authority. Henry understood the value of unity of action, and he was about to prove it. He was bent upon marrying Anne Boleyn, and as the Pope had refused to enable him to do so by the divorce of Queen Catherine, he renounced the Papal authority, and took the matter into his own hands by creating a private pope of his own. The idea is at once astounding by its presumption and ridiculous by its absurdity, but imperious Henry willed it and subservient England accepted it. To attain this end, the consecration of Cranmer as Primate of Canterbury had become necessary; and it now remains for us to trace the steps by which our ancestors were separated as a kingdom from the See of Rome, and found themselves identified with that chaos of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, of which they continue to be such a pitiable illustration.

Cranmer, as we have seen, became Archbishop of Canterbury on March 30, 1533, and within less than a fortnight he struck the first blow at Queen Catherine. On April 11th he addressed a letter to Henry in which (for the discharge of his own conscience) he asks permission of His Majesty "to proceed to the examination, final determination, and judgment in the King's said great cause of the divorce;" yet in the same sentence, astonished at his own temerity, "as one prostrate at the feet of His Majesty he beseeches the same most humbly upon his knees, to pardon these his bold and rude letters."[1] The conscience-stricken King, as the Archbishop assumed him to be, lost no time in granting what doubtless he had already commanded; for his reply to the above letter is dated upon the same 11th of April. Of course he gave his assent.[2] The preliminary arrangements having been made beforehand for the hearing of this suit, the necessary legal proceedings were opened at Dunstable, a few miles distant from Ampthill, where the Queen at this time resided. Catherine, every inch a Queen to the last, refused to recognize Cranmer's citation, or in any way to admit the jurisdiction

[1] *Works*, ii. 237.

[2] *Id.* p. 238. In this characteristic letter Henry thus addresses the Archbishop: "We, being your King and Sovereign, do recognize no superior on earth, and not being subject to the laws of any other earthly creature . . . do license you to proceed in the said cause."

of his court; whereupon she was pronounced contumacious, and sentence was given against her in her absence. True to himself, Cranmer conducted the business with his usual treachery and timidity. Fearing that even at the final stage of the process the Queen might appear in person, or by her proctor, and by entering her protest against his sentence might thereby render it invalid in the eye of the law, or otherwise hinder its immediate operation, this righteous judge kept secret from all but Henry and Cromwell the date of the day on which he was about to pronounce the final judgment; and he entreated them to preserve the strictest silence upon this important circumstance.[1] Of course they did so, and the ultimate sentence, which declared that the marriage of Henry with Queen Catherine was invalid, and had been invalid from the beginning, was pronounced on May 23rd, the same "being contrary to the law of God and of nature." The result was of course no surprise to Henry, to whom it was announced by Cranmer, who adds in his usual style of servility, "I desire to know your pleasure concerning the second matrimony as soon as you and your Council are perfectly resolved therein."[2]

This "second matrimony" was apparently that which was to give to Anne Boleyn the legal right to style herself his wife and the Queen of England. Cranmer's remark does not help us to solve the difficulty connected with the date of this marriage, if we may venture to dignify it with such a respectable designation. What is the date of the marriage of the parents of the Princess Elizabeth, the future Queen of England? The question is not easily answered. Many of our earlier historians place it on November 14, 1532, the festival of the translation of St. Erconwald, on which day Henry and Anne returned to England from their visit to France. But this date is open to doubt, for the larger number of authorities, Cranmer included, contradict it. "She was married," says the Archbishop, "much about St. Paul's day last" [January 25, 1533], and surely Cranmer must have known.[3] This date,

[1] *Works*, p. 242. [2] *Id.* p. 244.

[3] The Imperial Ambassador Chapuys, writing to Charles V. on May 10, 1533, says, "The King's marriage was celebrated, as it is reported, on the day of the conversion of St. Paul." (*Calend.* 465.) For Cranmer's letter see his *Works*, ii. 246. (*Calend.* 661.)

if accepted, proves that the future Queen of England was the offspring of a disgraceful connection and not of a legal marriage; even upon the assumption that the divorce of Henry and Catherine by the Archbishop was valid. But leaving that difficulty as we find it we have now to notice in due course the coronation of Anne, who in anticipation of that grand event had been created Marchioness of Pembroke. It occurred on May 31, 1533.

The pageant began by the solemn procession of the future Queen of England from the Tower to Westminster, through the City, a route which was adopted in order that the inhabitants might have the privilege of expressing their joy at her accession to the throne. They failed for the most part to avail themselves of the opportunity of doing so, on the contrary "all the people showed themselves as sorry as though it had been a funeral."[2] The coronation service took place next day in Westminster Abbey, the officiating prelates being (of course) Cranmer, assisted by Stokesley and Gardiner. The public entertainments which followed were even more costly and elaborate than usual, "and as for pastime in the Queen's chamber was never more." Anne took care not to conceal the important fact that she was about to present the nation with an heir to the throne, an event to which both of the parents looked forward with a nervous anxiety. Henry was in exuberant spirits, for not only could he now present Anne to his subjects without raising a blush on the cheeks of the more respectable of the womankind, but further he believed that his long and passionate yearning for a son was at last about to be gratified, the physicians and astrologers, the sorcerers and sorceresses,[2] whom he is said to have consulted upon the subject, assuring him that he was about to become the happy father of a boy, and then his doubts and fears as to the continuity of the Tudors upon the throne of England would vanish. But the guilty couple were doomed to sustain a bitter disappointment; for upon Sunday, September 7, 1533, Anne gave birth to a child—and that child was a daughter.[3]

Henry seems to have regarded this untoward event almost as if it were a personal slight to himself, and he

[1] *Calend.* 556. [2] *Id.* 1,112. [3] *Id.* 1,089.

did not strive to conceal his feelings. Anne too had her anxieties. By this time she had learned by experience the temper of her paramour, and she was now beginning to realize the insecurity of her own position.

But whatever may have been the feelings of the disappointed parents, it was necessary that the unwelcome girl should be made a Christian; so on September 10, 1533, she was baptized in the Church of the Friars Minors at Greenwich by Stokesley, Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury being the godfather.[1] The ceremonial was left to Anne, so it was costly and elaborate, and Henry did not interfere, in fact he was ostentatiously indifferent. The old Duchess of Norfolk bore the child in a mantle of purple velvet, with a long train held by the Earl of Wiltshire, Anne's father, together with the Countess of Kent and the Earl of Derby. But throughout all these rejoicings the conduct and manner of Henry seemed as if he wished it to be understood that he was offended and annoyed with Anne's mismanagement. His absences from her were becoming longer and more frequent, and she soon discovered that he now found his consolation and amusement elsewhere and in other society. With her wide experience of men she ought to have expected that such would be the case; possibly she was prepared for it, and paid him back in his own coin. As her temper was none of the best, and as she was soured by disappointment, unpleasant results followed between the royal couple, to the amusement and satisfaction of many of the courtiers. But the severance was not yet complete. They continued to reside together for some time longer, until in the due course of events it was obvious that Anne was once more about to become a mother. The hopes of Henry revived, but only to be again disappointed; for the unfortunate woman gave birth to a dead child on January 29, 1536, which by a singular coincidence was the day on which Queen Catherine of Arragon was laid in her grave in the abbey church of Peterborough.

In tracing the history of Cranmer and Anne Boleyn the progress of our narrative is frequently interrupted by the necessity of referring to such political events as from time to time occurred, and which by influencing the policy of

[1] A detailed account of the ceremonial is given in Hall's *Chronicle.*

Henry at the same time influenced the fortunes of all connected with him. So it was at the period now more immediately under our consideration. It had gradually dawned upon Henry that his position was not so secure either at home or abroad as he had imagined. The execution of Fisher and More had excited a feeling of deep indignation throughout Europe, which manifested itself in the action of Pope Paul III. when he drew up a Bull by which he excommunicated Henry and absolved his subjects from their allegiance; a Bull, however, which he did not immediately publish.[1] The friendship which His Majesty had professed towards Francis had now cooled, and this feeling of indifference or semi-hostility was reciprocated on the other side of the Channel. Charles V., the nephew of Queen Catherine, was a rival of whom Henry had always been apprehensive, and his recent political and military successes had not allayed the jealousy. This antagonism was utilized and encouraged by Anne Boleyn and Cromwell,[2] and we know from other sources that Cranmer fell in with their novel project. Terrified by his own fears, influenced to a certain extent by the party of the Reformation at home, and irritated by a vague report that His Holiness had threatened to bestow England upon some one of the German Catholic princes, Henry resolved to make common cause with the Lutheran Protestants. For this purpose he despatched Robert Barnes, Dr. Nicholas Heath, and Edward Foxe, Bishop of Hereford, to Germany, there to join the Reformers who had assembled at Smalcald, with the grand object of persuading them "to persist and continue in their former good opinion concerning the denial of the Bishop of Rome's usurped authority."[3] In this combination the Anglicans played a losing game from the beginning, for it soon became obvious that their chief if not their sole object was to strengthen their own insular party against

[1] See further *Calend.* Aug. 2, 1535, No. 15. The Bull itself is given in Wilkins, *Conc.* iii. 792; *Calend.* No. 207.

[2] Chapuys to Granvelle, No. 357.

[3] "Instructions for sending Barnes and others to Germany," printed in Burnet's *Hist. of Reformation*, iii. 97. Edit. 1715, fol. When Bishop Foxe went in October, 1535, he took with him a letter of credit for 800 crowns of gold, and further, in December he desired a bill of exchange for 1,000 or 2,000 crowns more. See *Calend.* No. 589 and 1,018.

the Emperor; and that the other inducements which he held out were rather sentimental than substantial. The German princes insisted that "the said most noble King should set forth the evangile of Christ and the sincere devotion of the faithful after such sort as the princes and states confederates have confessed in the Diet of Augusta [Augsburg] and would maintain and defend the said doctrine of the evangile and the ceremonies conform to the same."[1] This provision did not coincide either with Henry's mode of conducting an argument or with his ulterior intentions, but he pretended to agree, and he requested his new allies to send over to England some learned men by whom certain articles in the Confession of Augsburg, as to the meaning of which he was yet in doubt, might be discussed and settled; for (added the Defender of the Faith) he "being a King somewhat learned, though unworthy, would not think it meet to accept at any creature's hands the observing of his and his realm's faith."[2] As to ceremonies he proposed that the order and limitation of them should be left to the arbitration of the governors of every dominion, supposing that every one of them can tell what is most commodious for his own dominions. All this at best meant little, and possibly might mean nothing; but the negotiation, such as it was, could easily be suspended and might as easily be resumed upon the first fitting occasion. To preserve appearances a friendly correspondence was maintained between the English authorities and the principal German theologians, in which the great Luther, Melancthon, Jonas, Bugenhagen, Cruciger, and others of the same reputation were pleased to take a part. But it is somewhat noteworthy that among these literary celebrities we find no trace of the name of that prominent divine Osiander, a near relative of whom at this very time had bed and board in Lambeth Palace under the name of Mrs. Cranmer.

Conspicuous among these Lutheran doctors was the celebrated Philip Melancthon, who had earned for himself the reputation of being able to command his pen, his tongue, and his temper. In these respects he appears to advantage when compared with Luther. Nervously sensitive to ridicule, Henry had not forgotten the coarse abuse which

[1] Burnet, *Ibid.* iii. 103. [2] *Ibid.* p. 106.

had been lavished upon him some years previously by Dr. Martin, a visit from whom was of course impossible; but Henry made it known that he would gladly welcome Melancthon, and the invitation would have been accepted but for political reasons or jealousies. In token, however, of the growing friendship a special messenger was sent to England, who brought with him a copy of one of Philip's recent publications to be presented to Henry, whom at the same time he declares to "excell other Kings in knowledge and learning, and therefore may judge of doctrine."[1]

The envoy whom Melancthon despatched into England at this time was named Alexander Ales, who was described as "a good man, well learned, and worthy to be lovingly received;" and Cranmer and Cromwell appear to have welcomed him accordingly. For some short time after his arrival he made his home in the palace at Lambeth, but Henry having nominated him to read a lecture upon the Book of Psalms in Hebrew at Cambridge he removed to that University. Here however his doctrine, or the mode of his appointment, or both, being disagreeable to the authorities, or from some other unknown reason, he thought it prudent to return to London, where he continued to reside for a considerable time longer; and in London we must leave him for the present in order to renew our acquaintance with the royal couple, Henry and Anne Boleyn. They were not upon affectionate terms with each other. Henry was dissatisfied with Anne for her continued delay in presenting him with a male heir to the throne; and Anne on her part was dissatisfied with Henry for the neglect with which he treated her, and the assiduity with which he lavished his attentions upon a new attraction. Anne might have anticipated the impending evil. She ought to have known her husband by this time. It needed no soothsayer to whisper to the Queen that her day was over. Henry's passion for her had died out and was succeeded by an indifference which soon deepened into aversion. He had discovered without much difficulty a younger and fairer charmer, who had listened with no unwilling ear to the lovesick pleadings of her portly suitor. Henry was evidently in search of a new

[1] Melancthon to Mont. Oct. 4, 1535, *Calend.* No. 540.

wife, and Jane Seymour knew it as well as Anne Boleyn, But here an obvious difficulty stood in the way, or rather an old difficulty with a new face. It was clear to all, for Henry did not care to conceal it, that he was tired of Anne, and would not be sorry to be rid of her. As Catherine had been cast off to make way for Anne, so must Anne be cast off to make way for Jane. But how was it to be done? By what process? Upon what plea? The problem was not easily answered and demanded prudent forethought. But Henry was fertile in devices, he was provided with a subservient body of expert and experienced agents, and he was prompt and unscrupulous in the execution of the sentence at which he finally arrived. As he was trained in concealing his anger, so in the present instance it remained so well disguised for some considerable period that Anne seems to have been unconscious of the real danger of her position until she was entirely in his power, and then it burst upon her with the suddenness of an avalanche.

Advancing step by step to the coming catastrophe we find that according to the general custom "a solemn joustes" was held upon May day, 1536, at Greenwich, which was honoured by the presence of the royal couple. Whatever may have been Henry's private feelings he held them in control, as far at least as was known to the public; but a private individual—our former acquaintance, Ales—has a different tale to tell, and he was an eye-witness of what he relates. Standing in the crowd which had gathered round the royal palace at Greenwich he saw at an open window what was probably the last interview which took place between Henry and Anne. He could not hear the words which passed between them, but he could see that Anne had the infant Elizabeth in her arms, and that the King was angry. Shortly afterwards Henry rode off to London, leaving Anne behind him. The Council continued to sit, and when they rose our informant returned to London along with them. As they drew near the Tower the cannon of that fortress and state prison thundered out the well-known intimation that some important prisoners had been committed to its custody. These were Sir Henry Noreys, whom His Majesty had invited to return to town in

his company, and had endeavoured, as they rode side by side, to entrap into the confession that he had committed adultery with the Queen; and one Mark Smeton. The former of these two firmly maintained that he was innocent of the charge; of the admissions, if any, which were made by Smeton, we know next to nothing.

If we venture to assume that Henry, tired of Anne Boleyn and enamoured of Jane Seymour, longed to be free from the former in order that he might possess himself of the latter, we shall find that to effect this end he adopted his favourite method of procedure, a judicial murder under the disguise of a legal process. By so doing he freed himself, as he assumed, from all direct responsibility, which was transferred to the authorities by whom the trial was conducted and the sentence was pronounced. The ladies of the Court had warrant for their prompt condemnation of the wickedness of the guilty Anne and the ready congratulations which they offered to Henry upon the dangers from which he was made to believe that he had escaped. To lend some appearance of truth to this absurd accusation, the indictment by which Anne was tried charged her with having "conspired the death and destruction of the King."[1] Whatever may have been the extent of the ideal danger from which that personage imagined that he had escaped, he was weak enough to suppose that it was a reality; whereas, on the contrary, his subjects were scandalized to observe how that broken-hearted individual conducted himself under the unquestionable calamity which had befallen himself and his children. "He has been going about," writes Chapuys to Charles V., "banqueting with ladies, sometimes remaining after midnight, and returning by the river. Most part of the time he was accompanied by various musical instruments, and on the other hand by the singers of his chamber."[2] Arrangements were already in preparation for his speedy marriage with Jane Seymour, and the world knew it, and was amused or scandalized accordingly.

In the meantime, Anne, as yet in ignorance of the web which was being woven around her, remained in comparative peace at Greenwich. In the course of the evening of the 1st of May, however, she was made aware of the arrest of

[1] *Calend.* 876. [2] *Id.* 908.

Smeton and Noreys. She did not know that so far back as the 24th of the previous month of April Henry had appointed commissioners invested with powers which enabled them to deal with such cases as that which now brought Anne under their immediate jurisdiction. When he framed it, he seems to have had some special foresight as to the purposes to which it might be applied. It enabled a quorum of four to inquire into every possible form of treason, for the trial of which a special session might be held. And due regard being had to the administration of criminal justice in the time of Henry VIII., especially in cases where the Crown was prosecutor, it is not difficult to foretell the probable fate of the accused. Of all this, however, the Queen was ignorant.

On the morning of the following day, Anne stood before the Council, with whose existence and powers she then for the first time became acquainted. She was told of the charges which had been brought against her, and was then arrested. At two o'clock, the tide then serving, she was brought by water to London, and consigned to the Tower by the Traitor's Gate, each bank of the river being densely crowded with spectators. She thus passed into the custody of Sir William Kingston, the constable, who, although devoted to the cause of Catherine, seems to have acted towards the prisoner with justice and kindness. Then, and not till then, her firmness and courage appear to have failed her. When she recovered her calmness, the thought of her religious duties reverted to her mind, and "she much desired to have here in the closet the Sacrament and also her almoner [chaplain] who she supposed to be devet" (?).[1]

The mention of Anne's anxiety to have the presence of her chaplain recalls the memory of Cranmer, and we learn from a letter addressed by him to Cromwell that at this critical period of the Queen's history he was absent from London, and consequently could not be of any assistance to her. In obedience to the letter which he had received from Cromwell, he returned with all speed to Lambeth; but

[1] See No. 797. Sir Henry Ellis, 1 Ser. ii. 59, prints this word as if it were a proper name. In another letter Kingston tells Cromwell that at her arrival in the Tower Anne "begged that she might have the Sacrament in the closet by her chamber, that she might pray for mercy." (*Ibid.* No. 793.)

he did not dare to presume to come into the presence of His Majesty, as he himself tells us, "contrary to your Grace's commandment." It appears then that Henry needed the services of the Archbishop, but had no wish for his company. On the morning after his arrival in town the Archbishop addressed a letter to the King, which fortunately has been preserved, and which is worth our notice. He is in such a perplexity, he says, that his mind is clean amazed, for he never had better opinion in women that he had in the Queen, which makes him think that she should not be culpable; but on the other hand, he thinks that His Highness would not have gone so far except she had surely been culpable. So far he had preserved the balance with some skill, but now he may venture to speak with more decision, and he does so in his own peculiar fashion. He sees that with his Grace's favour he may wish and pray for her that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent. And if she be found culpable, he desires the offence without mercy to be punished to the example of all others. And here it is best to repeat his words as he wrote and signed them: "As I loved her not a little for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and His Gospel, so if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and His Gospel that will favour her, but must hate her above all other, and the more they favour the Gospel the more they will hate her, for then there was never creature in our time that so much slandered the Gospel; and God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed His Gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed." After a few commonplace exhortations upon the duty of resignation to the holy will of God, Cranmer concluded his letter. But before he had despatched it, he received a mandate from the Council sitting in the Star Chamber at Westminster, which required him to appear before them. He went, and there they declared unto him such things as it was Henry's pleasure that they should make him privy unto.[1] His letter gives no further information as to what these matters were, or what passed between the parties, but we may infer that it was something which was to Anne's disadvantage, since he was "exceeding sorry that such faults can be proved

[1] *Letters*, p. 323, Edit. 1846; Burnet, i. 200.

against the Queen as he heard of their relation." And there the letter concludes, and Cranmer made no further effort to save the woman for whom he professed so much affection, and to whom (next unto the King) he was most bound of all creatures living. But perhaps it may be said that he left her to her fate because he thought her guilty. Was this his deliberate conviction? Upon this point we shall have a few words to say hereafter.

From this moment Anne seems to have been abandoned by her former friends and to have passed into the hands of her enemies. After considerable deliberation it was finally decided that out of those prisoners who had been originally charged along with her, five should be brought to trial. Of these the only direct evidence was that against Mark Smeton, who had already confessed his guilt; the other four, Weston, Brereton, Lord Rochford, and Noreys, were found guilty upon presumption without either proof or confession.[1] The whole proceedings were conducted with a marked disregard to justice. From a legal point of view, the evidence upon which Anne was condemned was most untrustworthy, and from a moral point of view it was most improbable. This much may be suggested and even admitted without at the same time contending that Anne had been either a faithful wife or a virtuous woman.

Her trial took place on Monday, May 15th, within the great hall of the Tower. The Duke of Norfolk, who presided, represented the King's person, and as such sat under a cloth of estate, holding a long, white staff in his hand. In addition to the lawyers, by whom the prosecution was conducted, the Lord Chancellor of England was in attendance. The Queen was brought in, and after she had been seated the indictment against her was read. She was unprovided with counsel and was not allowed to call any witnesses in her favour. Under such circumstances she could offer but a weak defence against the legal authorities arrayed against her. She defended herself with calmness and a certain amount of skill, "making so wise and discreet answers to all things laid against her, excusing herself with her words so clearly as though she had never been faulty."[2]

[1] Burnet, i. 202.

[2] Wriothesley's *Chronicle*, p. 38, Camd. Soc. p. 75; Friedmann, ii. 277.

From another source we learn that she stood undismayed; nor did she ever exhibit any token of impatience, or grief, or cowardice. Of course she was found guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon her, either by burning or beheading, at the King's pleasure. She retained her firmness, and after having declared that she did not fear death, she spoke a few words in vindication of the innocence of the persons who had been accused of having sinned along with her. She further asked to be allowed time "to settle her conscience" [by confession], and was then reconducted to her own chamber.[1]

It may here be asked, Why was not Henry satisfied with a divorce? Why was Anne put to death? Why shed the blood of the woman who was the mother of his child, and for whom (at one time at least) he had expressed such ardent affection? But Henry is not to be judged according to the usual laws of human nature, for to these he was no longer amenable. He was a law to himself; and his will was his own infallible judge, from whom there was no appeal. Moreover he knew enough of Anne's spirit and temper to feel sure that if she were permitted to live she would be to him and to others a constant source of annoyance and possibly of danger. She would not follow the example of Catherine of Arragon and bear her cross as patiently as that noble woman had done. So all things considered death was the simplest and safest remedy, and Anne could not have been surprised when she heard her sentence pronounced.

But something further remained to be done before Henry could be satisfied that he had sufficiently degraded his wife and sufficiently secured his own interests. To do these things the services of Cranmer were once more called into requisition. On the day after her sentence of death had been pronounced, he had an interview with Anne in the Tower, with the details of which we are unacquainted, and can only speculate as to the object.[2] It seems probable, however, that he went by command of his master, and that his visit was preparatory to an event which occurred early in the morning of the following day. On that day he held a court in his chapel at Lambeth, the object of which was

[1] Chapuys to Charles, May 19, *Calend.* No. 908, p. 378. [2] *Id.* No. 890.

to decide upon the validity of Anne's marriage with the King. His Majesty's legal representative was Richard Sampson, Dean of the Chapel Royal, while Nicholas Wotton and John Barbour appeared for the Queen. As far as we can gather from the report of what occurred, Anne's counsel pleaded nothing in her favour, nor do we learn from it what were the grounds upon which the dissolution of the marriage was pronounced. The report of the proceedings as they stand in the copy which has reached us, is open to grave suspicion, and no official duplicate of it appears to be extant. It is said to have been sealed upon the 10th of June, and subscribed by both Houses of Convocation upon the 28th of the same month.[1] It has been conjectured by one of the latest and most acute of Anne's biographers, that "the cause of nullity, which Henry was afraid to avow, was his former connection with Mary Boleyn."[2]

A few notices of the way in which Anne spent the last hours of her life have been preserved, and they are worth here recording. She is said to have prayed with her chaplain, but the keeper of the prison does not give his name. Bearing in mind Cranmer's long intercourse with the family, coupled with the manner in which he had so recently expressed himself about her to Henry, it might have been concluded that he would have stood by her in her extremity, and helped her to make her peace with God. But Cranmer, true to himself, was false to her, and left his place to be supplied by another. Kingston, her keeper, wondered that he had heard nothing of my Lord of Canterbury, and "the Queen," he adds, "desires much to be shriven." According to the report of the Imperial Ambassador, she confessed and communicated on the same day. He adds in the same letter, upon the authority of Lady Kingston, that before and after receiving the Sacrament, Anne had affirmed to her, upon the damnation of her soul, that she had never been unfaithful to the King.[3] And Kingston adds that, upon the morning of Anne's execution, her almoner was continually with her, and had been so since two of the clock after midnight. As far as the Government

[1] Wilkins, *Conc.* iii. 803; *Calend.* No. 896. [2] Friedmann, ii. 355.
[3] Chapuys to Charles V. May 19, 1536, No. 908.

officials are concerned, the name of this almoner or chaplain has been suppressed; yet before we conclude our story we shall be able to supply the omission. In the meantime we are sorry but not surprised to say that the missing name is not that of Cranmer.

From the beginning of Anne's imprisonment in the Tower, and probably long before that incident, her fate had been determined, and her execution had been delayed only in consequence of the absence of a fitting executioner. Henry had decided that she should be beheaded, according to the French custom, with the sword, and not as was usual in England, with the axe; and had sent to St. Omer for a headsman, who had acquired considerable reputation as an expert operator. This individual did not arrive until nine days had elapsed, namely, upon May 18, and then she was given to understand that she would be executed on the following day. At the same time she was told to make her confession. An interesting and detailed account of what took place on the occasion, the narrative evidently of an eye-witness,[1] is given in a Spanish Chronicle of Henry VIII. recently published, which has supplied us with the following graphic particulars.

"When Anne arrived on the scaffold, which had been erected within the Tower at her own request, in order that no foreigner should be present, it was expected that she should say something which might be construed into a confession, so as to exonerate Henry, but this she did not and would not do. On the contrary, she showed a devilish spirit, and was as gay as if she were not going to die. She was dressed in a night-robe of damask, with a red damask skirt and a netted coif over her hair. She was very graceful, and had a long neck, and when she mounted the scaffold she saw on it many gentlemen, the headsman being amongst them, who was dressed like the rest and not as an executioner; and she looked around her on all sides to see the great number of people present; for though she was executed inside [the Tower] there was a great crowd. They

[1] This is obvious from what he himself informs us presently. We learn from some particulars supplied by *The Month* of May, 1889, p. 5, that his name was Garzias.

would not admit any foreigner, except one who had got in the night before, and who took good note of all that passed.[1]

"As the lady looked all around she began to say these words: 'Do not think, good people, that I am sorry to die, or that I have done anything to deserve this death. My fault has been my great pride, and the great crime I committed in inducing the King to leave my mistress, Queen Catherine, for my sake; and I pray God to pardon me for it. I say to you all that everything they have accused me of is false, and the principal reason I am to die is Jane Seymour, as I was the cause of the ill that befel my mistress.'

"The gentlemen would not let her say any more, and she asked which was the headsman. She was told that he would come presently, but that in the meantime it would be better for her to confess the truth and not to be so obstinate, for she could not hope for pardon. She answered them, 'I know I shall have no pardon, but they shall know no more from me.' So seeing that she would not confess, the headsman came and knelt before her, saying, 'Madam, I crave your Majesty's pardon, for I am ordered to do this duty; and I beg you to kneel and say your prayers.' So Anne knelt, but the poor lady only kept looking about her. The headsman, being still in front of her, said in French, 'Madam, do not fear, I will wait until you tell me.' Then she said, 'You will have to take this coif off;" and she pointed to it with her left hand. The sword was hidden under a heap of straw, and the man who was to give it to the headsman was told beforehand what to do: so, in order that she should not suspect, the headsman turned to the steps by which they had mounted, and called out, 'Bring me the sword!' The lady looked towards the steps to watch for the coming of the sword, still with her hand on her coif; and the headsman made a sign with his right hand for them to give him the sword, and then, without being noticed by the lady, he struck her head off on to the ground. And so ended this lady, who would never admit or confess the truth.

[1] See the previous note.

"Her body was presently carried to the church within the Tower, and buried; and a few days afterwards[1] her father died of grief for the loss of her and the Duke. God pardon them."

During the course of the preceding remarks upon the trial and condemnation of Anne Boleyn, we have had occasion to observe more than once that the information respecting these events which has come down to us is not only scanty in extent but suspicious in character. The impression which it leaves upon the mind of most inquirers is this—that apparently in the present instance the accused had not even-handed justice dealt out to her, and that we know only one side of the question. Such is the dictum of common sense, and it is very generally accepted. The more closely we read the history of this bad woman, the more we are inclined to think that she was badly treated. Her life, repulsive and disgusting as it was at the time when we first become acquainted with her, gains new interest as it advances; and as it draws near its inevitable conclusion, while we continue to hate the sin we begin to feel that we can pity the sinner. In this state of mind we wish we knew something more than the scanty details with which we are acquainted, even after the publication of the priceless despatches of Eustace Chapuys, for the abstracts of which we are indebted to the practised care of Mr. Gairdner of the Record Office. It is with no small satisfaction, therefore, that we have here been able to introduce into our narrative some additional information from the autograph narrative of one who was in London at the period of Anne's death, and at the same time on terms of familiar intercourse with the Archbishop. The name of this individual was Alexander Ales, respecting whom the reader may naturally expect to receive some further information before we conclude this paper.

Alexander Ales was born at Edinburgh in the year 1500, and was educated in that city and in St. Andrew's, in the University of which latter place he graduated in 1515. A few years afterwards he obtained a canonry in its Cathedral, but in 1530, having adopted the doctrines of Luther, he

[1] Anne's father survived her for more than two years.

suffered imprisonment as a heretic; contriving however to regain his liberty, he left his native country, to which he never returned. In the course of the following year we find him at Wittemberg, into the University of which he was incorporated in 1533. Here he became acquainted with Melancthon, and signed the Alliance of Augsburg against the Emperor and the Catholic party. In that same year he engaged in a discussion with Cochlæus on the reading of the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, which led to the publication of several volumes on both sides. As we have already stated, in 1535 he came into England provided with letters of recommendation from Melancthon to Henry and Cranmer, by the former of whom, as he himself informs us, he was sent to Cambridge, there to read a lecture upon the Hebrew Scriptures; but this arrangement proving disagreeable to some of the authorities of the University, he returned to London, where he resided at the time of Anne's trial.

A stipend which had been granted to him by Henry having fallen into arrear, he made application for it to Cromwell, with which object he went to Greenwich, where he witnessed the scene which he has detailed so touchingly in his letter. Cromwell, he says, detained him for three years with empty hopes, but as the legislation against the Reformers grew more strict, his position in London became more than irksome. While in this state of mind Cranmer sent a message to him through Lord Paget, asking him to call at Lambeth early in the morning. When he went the Archbishop advised him to escape from England, wishing that he himself could do the same; adding that he had signed the obnoxious decree through fear, and now repented him of what he had done. Cranmer said that he had no ready money, and could not supply what Ales would require for his travelling expenses; but in token of his friendship he asked him to accept a ring which had been given to him by Henry when he presented the archbishopric to him, and which had once belonged to Thomas Wolsey. Ales escaped from England in a German ship, disguised as a German soldier. Shortly afterwards he heard of the execution of Cromwell, from whom, despite his promises, he had not received any of the arrears of his salary. In conclusion, he

exhorts Queen Elizabeth to love the true religion; and concludes his long letter with the significant postscript: "Should you wish to send me anything, this may be done by Bishop William Barlow, or by Dr. Bale." Our curiosity would be gratified if we could see Elizabeth's answer, but no trace of it has come down to us.

But we cannot conclude our present narrative without referring to two incidents connected with the history of Queen Anne Boleyn, for both of which we are indebted to the pen of this Alexander Ales. Respecting the former he tells us that he remained in his lodging in London, during the period from Anne's arrest until that of her execution [May 2—19]. On that latter day at two o'clock in the morning, he had a vision (whether he was asleep or awake he knew not) in which he saw Anne's neck, after her head had been cut off; and this (he says) was revealed to him so plainly that he could count the nerves, the veins, and the arteries. Terrified by the dream, or vision, he arose, and hurrying off to consult his friend the Archbishop, he arrived at Lambeth Palace before four o'clock in the morning. Early as it was he found Cranmer at that hour walking in his garden, whom he made acquainted with what had been manifested to him. Cranmer continued in silent wonder for a time, and at last broke out into these words: "Do not you know what is to happen to-day?" And when I answered (continued Ales) that I had remained at home since the date of the Queen's imprisonment, and knew nothing of what was going on, the Archbishop raised his eyes to heaven and said, "She who has been the Queen of of England upon earth, will to-day become a Queen in Heaven." So great was his grief that he could say nothing more, and then he burst into tears.

Leaving Cranmer sobbing hysterically in his garden at four o'clock in the morning of the day on which Queen Anne was to die, let us think for a moment of what was passing at that time in the Tower. She had made her confession and received her Communion, and was preparing to meet her Judge. It is Ales who tells us who was with her during these early morning watches, and we have seen that it was not Cranmer; from the same informant we now learn that for these offices of Christian charity she was

indebted to Latimer,[1] whom we know to have been one of the most vehement of the Reformers, but apparently one of the most sincere and assuredly one of the most courageous. Anne had "been in the habit of confessing to him when she went to the Lord's Table," and she had sent for him when she knew that she should die shortly afterwards. He had not been afraid to obey the summons, and he had been with her from two o'clock in the morning until she had been summoned to mount the scaffold.

Here then we end our notice of Cranmer. To attempt to anticipate our readers as to the conclusion at which they ought to arrive respecting his character is unnecessary, and would be unbecoming. Cranmer has written his autobiography, and he is the best historian of himself. In him the Church of England has an undignified prototype, of whom, however, we have no wish to deprive her. As far as we are concerned his successors may enjoy his name in undisturbed quiet; for assuredly we should not condescend to accept at any price the tradition which they inherit from "the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury."

The facts for which the authority of Ales is here quoted are derived from a very interesting letter of twenty pages, addressed by him to Queen Elizabeth upon her accession to the throne, the original of which, in his own handwriting, is preserved in the Record Office, Chancery Lane. It is fully described in the Calendar of the Foreign Correspondence of Queen Elizabeth under the date of September, 1559, No. 1,303. It seems to have escaped notice until now, but, should it be necessary, additional details can be furnished respecting it.

[1] In a document quoted in the Calendar, Feb. 29, 1536, No. 371, he is spoken of as "the Queen's chaplain." But as he had not been appointed by Henry the authorities at the Tower did not recognize this title.

THE MONASTIC STATE

By THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT[1]

This Sunday is the Sunday within the Octave of All Saints of the Order of St. Benedict. In the epistle that is read in the Mass of that festival we find these words:—"As dying, and behold we live; as chastised, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing, yet possessing all things" (2 Cor. vi. 9–10). There is no mistaking the general significance of this text, and the reason why the expressions which St. Paul applies to his own apostolic life are here used to describe and to magnify the monastic state. It is claimed that the life of restraint, of hardship, and of poverty may still be a life of happiness, of affluence, and of utility. It is a re-statement of the Gospel paradox; of the deep and sweet irony of those words of our Blessed Lord and Saviour: "He that shall lose his life"—it rather means "he that shall wreck his life"—"for My sake and the Gospel, shall save it" (Mark viii. 35). The world never accepts this paradox. Like the persons in the Book of Ecclesiasticus who learned so severe a lesson, it esteems the Gospel life to be "madness."

[1] A Sermon preached at the reopening of St. John the Evangelist's, Bath, November 13, 1900.

To-day, looking back on the lives of the monastic Saints—and contemplating not the Benedictines only, but all who have found in obedience and poverty the Will of their Heavenly Father, it is pleasing to take our Lord's side, and to try to persuade an incredulous generation that the truth is really as He has stated it.

The Modern World and Monasticism.

An incredulous generation! You may ask if this generation is more incredulous than those which have gone before? if people in these days are by temperament more indisposed to value monasticism than in times past? There seems no doubt that this is so. And the reason is that men and women, as the world goes on, and as the world is now, realize self, liberty, and property far more than they did formerly. Speaking generally, the individual is now much more free, unfettered, and self-conscious than he has ever been. In the past, when so many were born to slavery, or, at any rate, to subjection or oppression, and had to live where their destiny had fixed them, rooted to the soil, fettered by their surroundings, without prospects, and without aspirations, it was not so grievous a thing to surrender one's liberty or to renounce the right to possess. Even the small number of the rich and the powerful could never escape the spectacle of the uncertainty of fortune and of life—and felt the less repugnance to bind themselves to what chance and fate might at any moment force upon them without any choice of their own. But in these days men are accustomed to look upon their liberty as their right, to feel that their property is as secure as their life, and to realize in

how many fields of satisfaction and of utility they can employ whatever faculties and means they have been endowed with. Hence, even those of the Church's own fold are often in these days disposed to undervalue the monastic principle, and show themselves painfully alien in spirit from that renunciation which our Lord has declared to be the better choice. No paradox is ever intended to be pressed home in its literal sense. If our Lord states that a man can best save his life by losing it, he means that the saving must be understood in one sense and the losing in another. And the force and the justification of the saying lies in this, that the "saving" which he means is so infinitely more important than the other kind would be, that you call it "saving" absolutely, by excellence and without qualification. Thus, when a man spends his money lavishly in laying the foundations of a great fortune—when he trusts it to the mercy of the ocean or risks it in mines, or ventures it on the shifting sands of commerce, he calls the sacrifice a gain, because the benefit that he expects will be so much greater than anything he could have hoped for by keeping his money in his own hands. To sacrifice one's life and one's all—to trample upon this world with all it contains, is a small sacrifice, a very small price to pay, for the gaining of life everlasting. This is what Jesus means. And yet, do you think it is the whole of His meaning? Or when St. Paul breaks out into that series of triumphant contrasts which I have quoted, was he only comparing earth with heaven? Or, again, when the Holy Liturgy applies to the Saints, the Martyrs, the Confessors, the same strong and significant phrases, are we to understand that

these men who were chastened and put to death on earth, would not still live, even on earth?—that their sorrow was only to be wiped away in heaven?—that their hunger and thirst, their suffering and their poverty, would have to wait, before they could be relieved, for the lifting-up of the portals of life everlasting?

This is not so. There is a sense in which all these promises, all these vauntings of men who devote themselves, are verified, even amid the danger, the obscurity, and the combats of this mortal life. For the human heart and the human intelligence can, at one and the same time, both suffer and rejoice, both sorrow and give thanks, both be straitened in destitution, and abound in riches. This is its prerogative. This is how it has been made by the Hand of God. The flesh may smart, whilst the spirit is happy. The innumerable possibilities of feeling which are spread like a network over all that region of man's being where spirit and flesh meet and touch, may be hurt, wounded, burthened, harassed in a hundred ways, and yet all the time, like the bird that flies above the tumbling waves, the spiritual soul may have her independent joy, may chant her own song, and may follow out her own flight. There are those among men who look upon this double life with other eyes than do Jesus Christ and His Apostles. There are those who call worldly riches, riches, and carnal joy, joy. They do not believe in a condition in which satisfaction is independent of the lower nature of humanity. Many of them do not know of such a state; and if they dimly suspect that it exists, are content to remain in lower paths and a grosser atmosphere, stifling aspiration and dreading the

thought of sacrifice. These will preach the Gospel that they practise. Whether because they really believe, or because their own immortal natures sometimes upbraid them and must be silenced, they proclaim aloud that the joys of Christian renunciation are delusions, and that they only are happy who manage to enjoy the good things of this world below.

Real Liberty.

Christians, it seems to me, may be bold. We do not boast, any of us, of being heroic Saints. But we believe in the Gospel of Christ, and even practise it with faltering and lagging steps. But, by the lives and chronicles of the Saints, and even by our own poor experience, we know that there is a species of pleasure, true, real, valid and profound, in the things in which religion and God's love and service call upon us to renounce. I will take for example the question of liberty. Perhaps in the eyes of this generation the worst feature of the monastic or religious life is its demand for the sacrifice of liberty. And the more unscrupulous minds will fling the same taunt against the very commandments of God. But what is real liberty? As long as it is true that man is made of a higher and a lower nature, it is impossible that one side of his nature can be perfectly free unless the other side is fettered and restrained. Does anyone deny that there are two different levels in human nature? Can I not see and approve of the good and yet feel myself drawn towards the bad? If I elect, in spite of inclinations and attraction, to follow the right, the honest, the spiritual, must I not put a chain on those propensities which would hurry me

to satisfy myself with the base and the bad? That is the whole philosophy of spiritual or personal liberty; either you must fetter your baser inclinations, or your lower nature will enslave your higher self. Can there be any question where true liberty lies? The liberty of sin, of license, is a real slavery. What more ruthless tyrants can a man have than his own passions? All the liberty that a sane and rational man can want is the allowance to follow out without hindrance that which healthy reason pronounces to be right and good. But this view does not suit the loud declaimers who undertake to enlighten the newspaper readers of to-day. Liberty, they will tell you, is a good thing in itself. Far better a man who guides his own life, even if he falls among thieves or wrecks himself by field and flood, than one who does good by drill and surrenders his mind into the keeping of another. But this is begging the question. Neither Monachism nor Christianity is "drill"; and no man is ever asked to abdicate his free will, to hand over his conscience, or even to give up thinking out for himself all those moral and intellectual matters on which no revelation or positive decision exists. On the other hand, what does this false freedom generally and practically mean? This: that a human being in spite of his immortality, in spite of that sovereign reason which claims the supremacy of his being, in spite of all the lights and the graces offered by his Creator, miserably fails to attain the end and purpose for which he was created. He is like a vessel driven by a tempest on the shore. In the range of dark cliffs where the breakers whiten, there is one narrow entrance. But with the wind and the waves, the darkness and the mist, the steersman has lost his control of the rudder;

the ship becomes unmanageable, and soon she is dashed to pieces on the rocks. This is no figurative wreck, no mere picture wrought by fancy. It was of such passion-driven men that the Holy Spirit said "their end is destruction,"—the destruction that can never be repaired, the destruction that means eternal death.

The Saints, and notably the Saints of the Cloister, have believed in Jesus Christ. They have acted on the persuasion that, to exclude so dire a catastrophe, some items of human freedom might well be given up. Or rather—for it is thus that it comes before us in history—they have dreaded those slave-drivers of the soul which threaten men's higher liberty, and taken means to weaken and destroy them. We hear in the psalms of David the cry of souls who have felt their darkness and their infirmity, the weight of heavy fetters, the air of noisome prison-houses, and who have prayed and cried for the strong hand of God to liberate them. But long before the Psalmist put into burning words the longing of these spiritual captives, the servants of God had felt it all; for human nature has never changed; and wherever there has been the knowledge of God and of the way to Him, the soul has struggled with its surroundings, and with its own domestic traitors, to cast off hindrances and to be rid of those who would stay its course. In the early days of the Church, when Christ's kingdom began to spread, and all things divine and holy began to grow and fructify in the grace of the New Covenant, their renunciation took a larger shape, and made good her office even in the eyes of the great world. For one eventful century—from about the conversion of Constantine to the death of St. Jerome—it seemed as

though no man thought he could save his soul unless he fled to the wilderness. In those years the rocky solitudes of Judea, the hollows of Syrian deserts, the sandy levels of the valley of the Nile, were peopled by those who turned their backs upon the corruption of cities, the oppression of Pagan customs, the temptations of Gentile license. They renounced the world in order to be free. In the wastes, in the solitude, in the silence, they felt God to be near. In obedience they steadied their self-will in the greatest of all matters; in detachment and austerity they strove to make their bodies forget the troublesome claims of pleasure; under the burning sun, in the long starry nights, in their poor huts, or in the caves of forgotten idols and ancient mummies, they could almost feel that the tyranny of the accursed world had ceased to touch them, and they could stretch their unmanacled arms to the heaven for which they looked, to the heavenly Father for whom they longed.

St. Benedict.

There is no one who does not know something of the monastic movement which originated with St. Benedict. This was two hundred years later than the great days of the desert. But with St. Benedict, with his followers, as with Paul, Anthony, and Pachomius, it begins with flight in order to be free. In St. Gregory's narrative we see St. Benedict modestly desiring to please God and God alone — refusing to surrender himself to the life of self-gratification which St. Gregory calls "voluptas"—and taking refuge, young as he was, in a cave of the mountain solitudes, in order that, as we find it expressed, he might serve God more freely.

The monks who imitated him and carried his rule all over Europe had not the same reason for pleasing the world that St. Gregory had, or even St. Benedict himself. The old cities of the Roman times had been wrecked and depopulated; the luxury of the old Pagan world had sunk into ashes; the strong currents of heathen customs — that *flumen moris humani* of which St. Augustine speaks — no longer ran swiftly and dangerously. But there were other hindrances to Christian liberty. There was war, rapine, and ignorance. There were all the chances of the God-redeemed soul sinking into the savage or the slave. So the great pioneers of European civilization gathered in bands and companies—built their poor cells of branches in the clearings of forests—and set themselves to discipline their souls; to subdue the base instincts of the animal; to learn to love one another, and not to strike or kill; to form themselves on the philosophy of Holy Scripture, and live for the life to come. Then, as the Church became settled and strong, and the saints and doctors multiplied, and the great mediæval commonwealth grew to that which history tells, the monasteries and the cloister generally were still the school of Christian liberty, in which men and women learned the same renunciation that had been the rule of the desert and the rule of the great Orders in their very beginnings. For although every generation differs from its predecessor, and men and their conditions change with the lapse of time, yet it will always be true that self-will is a tyrant, and money a slave-driver, and sensuality a beast of prey, and that those men are wise who look out for refuge, and for barriers, and for keen-tempered weapons, to safeguard the rightful freedom of the soul.

Sombre Habit and Light Heart.

These uses of monachism, in the opinion of those who know best, still subsist in undimmed efficacy. Let me state why this appears to be true, and why the restraint, the sombreness, and the austerity of the cloister are really only the outward habit that covers light hearts and unfettered souls. I will not insist that monasticism is a refuge. This is a view which the world does not find it so hard to admit. The novelists and the newspaper people tolerate the cloister as the resource of those for whom there is no more earthly joy,—as the haven of wrecked existences and broken hearts. But this we do not accept. The cloister may receive those whom the world has wounded, but it is the truth that it loves better to welcome the fresh, the young, the unspoiled, whose ideals are still intact and whose nervous energy is still unwasted. For the cloister is not an hospital for cases picked up on the battle-field of the world, but it is a school for making strong characters stronger, noble minds nobler, ardent hearts still more ardent and devoted.

The first effect of a vowed and restrained life is a strengthening of that tendency which must be a man's principal life-tendency, or he cannot be a Christian—that is, his resolve to give his whole heart to God. Long before he becomes a monk he has been conscious of a desire to be more serious in his dealings with his Heavenly Father—a desire which, by degrees, grows into a resolve. He may be young, but he is not too young to realize what it is to give one's self wholly to God. When the doors of the cloister close behind him, when a spiritual master takes possession

of him, when with solemn ceremony a venerable habit is given him, and he finally is allowed to utter his vows to God, he seems to himself to be practically carrying into effect his Saviour's call to leave all things and follow Him ; he seems to have wrenched himself free of a world which is mostly against the whole-hearted services of God. The divine office and the practice of prayer, regular, insistent, and studied, bend the heart in the direction of the last end, forcing it away from the business, the pursuits, and the pleasures which heretofore charmed it in turn, and giving to its energy one direction—as when the waters of a great river are drained from the wide flats over which they have been wastefully spread, and poured into one deep channel.

The regular hours, the unbroken sequence of the observance, marked by rule and bell, teach impressively the too much neglected truth that all our time belongs to God, and bar out, like stern guardians, whatever is frivolous, idle, or inordinate ; bar out the easy self-indulgence which is the world's way of spending time. The frugality of the table, the bare spaces of the common room, the small and simple cell, the prevailing silence, and the infrequent recreations, impress upon the eager and troublesome sensuality that food and play are not ends, but only means, to help the soul towards God. The personal obedience—the contact of self-will with another man's will—probes self to its depths. When the servant of God has accepted this most thorough of all forms of renunciation—when, like his Divine Master, he has "humbled himself, becoming obedient," then he may thank God indeed for a liberty of the spirit which indeed is rare upon earth—for there are very few indeed

of all the forms of pride, conceit, or self-sufficiency that can make a man who is genuinely obedient to another man swerve from his purpose of serving his God. Thus the monk is chastened, but not killed. Nay, his truest life is strengthened and intensified. So the lover of flowers prunes and cuts, and hopes, perhaps, for some single product of beauty and perfection to reward his knowledge and his care.

The Spaciousness of the Monastic Life.

The further effect of a monastic profession is the conviction that a monastery is not a tomb, but, on the contrary, a wide and spacious home, or country, for living a strenuous and interesting life. There are interesting pursuits and careers in the world. But when a man devotes himself to them, they mostly leave out in the cold—they leave unemployed and starving—the spiritual energies that are a man's noblest possession; and so, after a few years, when health fails, when spirits flag, when age chills the heart, they are found to have been too much in the nature of that employment set by the slave-master to the Prodigal—the feeding of swine: that is, unworthy of our manhood, and unprofitable to our own souls. In the vowed life of the cloister, the soul learns that the spiritual life is the most absorbing of all lives. It is not that a man may not learn to live the spiritual life without binding the vows upon his forehead. But the vows keep at a distance money, honours, and the family life—none of which are in the least degree evil in themselves—but all of which imply pursuits, attractions, and satisfactions, which suit far too exactly those lower inclinations of

nature which are much in the habit of dividing us from God. The freedom of the religious life allows the spirit to devote its powers to the pursuit of that God and Father who only reveals Himself—in any full sense—to little ones : that is, to those who have renounced. The spirit comes to understand what is meant by conversion, by the sense of sin, by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit, by the gifts of the Spirit, and by purity of heart, enlightenment of intellect, and devoted love of God. It is by the consideration of these things, by the daily work of examination without foolish narrowness, of prayer that is constant yet unforced, of practice guided by advice, of failures registered and corrected without discouragement, that spaces are opened out, distances are revealed, heights and depths make themselves visible, such as neither art nor science, neither business nor pleasure, neither professions nor politics, ever enable the worldly mind even to imagine. "As dying, and behold we live!" To the ignorant and the frivolous the cloister seems death and burial. To the illuminated it is the holy mountain on the top of which is God ; the mountain of upward paths, which rewards him who climbs with new scenes and fresh attractions at every step ; where the body must labour, but the nobler part of man feels the consciousness of living, the hope of attaining, and the joy of ever drawing nearer to God.

The Riches of Poverty.

And there is yet another and a still more strange paradox of the cloister. The dedicated heart renounces earthly possessions ; and in that renunciation

it acquires a hold upon this earth and a command of earthly means which make it a powerful force in the world's fortunes. I do not refer to the property or wealth which monks, who are individually poor, may possess in a corporate capacity. The riches of religious bodies have been productive of great blessings to the world; and monasteries may be rich while monks are frugal and poor. But the true evangelical renunciation dreads, for many reasons, even riches possessed in common; and doubtless there are instances, though not so many as adversaries would make out, in which corporate riches have destroyed the monastic spirit. The true riches of the cloister is power in the realm of the spiritual; the power of intercession and the power of zeal. It is thus that the monastic servant of God possesses all things and enriches many. A life in which God is as the sun in the heavens, has only one way of regarding the souls of men—and that is as the constant object of God's dearest solicitude. Therefore, the religious intercedes; by offering the Blood of Christ, by carrying the Cross, by personal prayer, he keeps up daily and hourly intercession. The efficacy of intercession depends on the purity of the intercessor's heart, and the intensity of his uplifted aspiration. It was said of old, when the Israelites were in danger, that Samuel took a little lamb and offered it as a whole sacrifice to the Lord, and then "cried to the Lord for Israel" (1 Kings vii. 9): and the Lord heard him. There is no intercession so powerful as the cry of those souls who have sacrificed their innocent liberties for a greater good. Day and night in the choir, at the altar, as they labour, as they pass to and fro, the men of vows remember the souls for whom Christ died, and if, as it

happens with many monastic institutes, it is a part of their duty to exercise the pastoral office, their success in gaining souls is in the direct ratio of their genuine renunciation. The apostle must renounce. It is the condition of his office. It is not only that, humanly, the worldling and the sinner are more inclined to believe in the religion of the man who is free from the taint of money and self-gratification, and who has mastered his pride. It is the supernatural blessing of those who have left all things. Success with souls is the chief feature of the hundredfold promised to them. In every age, the men of renunciation have reformed their generation. To say nothing of the Apostles themselves, or the great monastic Bishops and Doctors like St. Basil in the East and St. Gregory in the West, the Apostles of the nations, from St. Patrick and St. Augustine to St. Francis Xavier, have been men who, in the fullest and truest measure, have left all things. At this very day, we can see with our own eyes the absolute demonstration of those innumerable sayings of the Saints which enforce the great truth that success in the apostolate follows detachment, obedience, and poverty. Look at the foreign missions; look at the uninterrupted home missions of the monastic orders in every part of Europe; look at your own churches, where the safeguarding of the faith, the increase of the flock, the beauty of God's house and worship, would be impossible were not your priests and your religious the men of sacrifice and of disinterested labour that they have proved themselves to be.

No Catholic can go too far in reverencing and honouring the monastic principle. Renunciation is the spirit of the Gospel. If the cold airs of scepticism

and rationalism wither and kill, among Catholics, the appreciation of the vowed state of obedience, of poverty, of chastity, then barrenness will descend upon that portion of the vineyard of God. Let us, therefore, devoutly honour the saints of the cloister. Confessing before God our own worldliness, our own selfish indulgence, our own laxity, let us honour those who keep up, in a perverse generation, the standard of Nazareth, of the Mount, of Calvary—who strive for the grand Christian ideal. There is no Christian life that might not be made richer by a greater love of poverty, more free by greater self-denial, and more happy and joyous by resolutely accepting the Cross. There is no Christian household in which that sweet influence of the saints, which St. Cyril calls the perfume of Jesus Christ, might not fill the spirits of men and women in their exile with courage and with good aspiration, until the exile shall cease and our native land be revealed.

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ST. BEDE

(673–735)

BY THE RIGHT REV. ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.[1]

"And thou wast filled as a river with wisdom, and thy soul covered the earth. . . . Thy name went abroad to the islands far off, and thou wast beloved in thy peace. The countries wondered at thee for thy canticles and proverbs and parables and interpretation" (Eccl. xlvii. 16–18).

Few documents of ecclesiastical antiquity are at once so simple and so full of pathos as that which tells us of the first Abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow; and, among the many pathetic and moving incidents recorded in these precious pages none stir the heart chords more deeply than the narrative of the setting forth of the aged Abbot Ceolfrid on his last journey Romeward. It was on Thursday, June 4, 716—the Thursday before the Feast of Pentecost—that the Saint departed from the brethren over whom he had ruled, an ideal superior, for more than thirty years. Advancing age had warned him of the prudence of letting younger hands take the direction of a work

[1] An Address delivered at St. Bede's College, Manchester, October 29, 1900.

for which he no longer felt himself equal; and the thought of the coming night, "when no man can work," had set his heart longing to close his eyes within sight of the tombs of the Apostles in eternal Rome, where he had knelt as a youth with his first Abbot, the sainted Benet Biscop. His design, long conceived and long prepared for, had remained a secret till the last moment, since he feared to face the opposition of his brethren, or to witness for too long a time the outward signs of their genuine sorrow.

On the morning of his setting forth, after having offered Mass in honour of St. Peter, at which he distributed for the last time the bread of life to all who would, he spoke to his sons in the oratory of St. Laurence in the dormitory. The theme of his discourse was peace and brotherly love and of the need there was that each individual should strive to preserve their common home from quarrels and dissensions. Then, as he finished, all went forth to the river bank, and, like St. Paul's disciples at Ephesus, they "grieving most of all for the word he had said, that they should see his face no more, brought him on his way to the ship," which lay at the river bank waiting to convey him over the waters of the Tyne, on the first stage of his journey. As they went they chanted at his bidding the psalmody he had loved so much and in which he had been wont for years to join in their daily service to God; but their voices faltered and failed, and often the rhythm of the Gregorian phrase was broken by sobs and lamentations. Then, again like St. Paul, "kneeling down," Ceolfrid "prayed with

them, and there was much weeping among them all; and falling on his neck they kissed him," and before the veil of tears was lifted from their eyes, behold he was already on his way. With vision dimmed by sorrow they watched his passage from the shore, looking on him for the last time as he sat in the vessel's prow with the companions of his voyage, whilst a deacon held aloft the golden cross he had himself made as the standard of his monastery; and he, writes the unnamed author of this narrative, "as he looked back on his weeping brethren and heard the sublime strains of the chant intermingled with the sounds of their sorrow, could no longer keep back his own sobs and tears, but with broken voice he repeated again and again this one prayer: 'O Christ, in Thy mercy help this family. O Lord, Almighty God, protect this army of Thy servants. I believe most firmly that none live who are better than they, and I know that there can be none more prompt to obey. Protect them, Christ, who art our God.'"

Among the six hundred monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow who on that morning of June, now well nigh twelve centuries ago, watched the passing away of their beloved father, there was one who has not only himself given us his own account of this scene, but who in his writings has left a trace of the deep sorrow which filled his soul at the time. This was the great Saint and master—Venerable Bede—whom we now acclaim, at the bidding of our Sovereign Pontiff, a Doctor of the Universal Church. At the time of Abbot Ceolfrid's departure he had just finished his commentary on the third

book of Samuel and proposed to rest a while for meditation. "But that rest—if sharp anguish of mind can be called rest—has turned out," he writes, "much longer than I intended, because of the sudden changes brought about by the departure of my most revered Abbot. After long devotion to the care of his monastery, he, without warning, determined to go to Rome to breathe his last breath in the places sanctified by the bodies of the blessed Apostles and Martyrs of Christ, thus causing no little consternation to those committed to his charge, and greater because it was so unexpected."

St. Bede had, indeed, only too much reason to speak of this loss as causing him "anguish of mind," for from the early age of ten, for three-and-thirty years he had been closely associated with St. Ceolfrid. Nothing can be more simple, more uneventful than the life of St. Bede—as uneventful as that of a scholar of our own day immersed in his books, or of a man of science who spends the quickly passing years absorbed in the experiments of his laboratory.

St. Bede's Life.

St. Bede was born in the year 673, and, as he tells us himself, in the territory belonging to the monastery of Wearmouth. As a child of seven he was committed by his parents to the care of the Abbot of that monastery. Fifty years before, Northumberland was still pagan; but within that half-century the converted but semi-civilized people of the North had added many a Saint to the Calendar. In the

fulness of their gratitude for the gift of faith, rulers and princes vied one with the other in enriching the Church with lands and precious gifts; and thus it came to pass that Egfrid, King of the Northumbrians, had bestowed on St. Benet Biscop, some few years before the birth of St. Bede, a site and money for the building of a monastery at Wearmouth. Our Saint remained here, however, only three years; for at the age of ten he was sent with seventeen others, under Abbot Ceolfrid, to take possession of a new monastery at Jarrow, five miles distant; but which remained so closely connected with the parent house by every tie of brotherhood that, as St. Bede says, Wearmouth and Jarrow "could fittingly be called one monastery in two places." Of the years devoted in this monastic retreat by the youthful Saint to study and meditation we know little. Alcuin, indeed, refers to a tradition concerning them in a letter addressed to the Jarrow monks in later years. "Let your youths," he writes, "be taught Holy Scripture, that in maturer years they may be able to instruct others. He who learns not whilst he is young cannot teach when he grows up. Remember that the most illustrious master of our age, the priest Bede, had in his youth that great love of learning for which now he is honoured among men, and has received great glory and reward with God. By the thought of his example, then, rouse up your minds if you be inclined to slumber; listen to your masters, open your books, study what you find therein, and seek to penetrate into its meaning. In this way you will feed your own soul and be able, like him, to give

unto others the food of the spiritual life." St. Bede was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen, and at thirty—that is, in the year 703—he was consecrated a priest by his old master and constant friend, St. John of Beverley. The rest of his life in the monastery up to his fifty-ninth year is thus described in the brief biographical note he has appended to his *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*:—"Thus much concerning the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and especially of the race of the English, I, Baeda, a servant of Christ and priest of the monastery of the blessed Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow, have with the Lord's help composed, so far as I could gather it either from ancient documents, or from the tradition of elders, or from my own knowledge. . . . I have spent the whole of my life within the monastery, devoting all my energy to the study of the Scriptures; and, amid the observance of monastic discipline and the daily charge of singing in the church, it has ever been my delight to learn or to teach or to write. . . . From the time of my ordination to the priesthood until my present fifty-ninth year, I have endeavoured, for my own use and that of my brethren, to make brief notes upon Holy Scripture out of the works of ancient Fathers, or to add something in conformity with their meaning and interpretation." Then, after giving a catalogue of his writings in God's service, he concludes with the following prayer: "I beseech Thee, O Good Jesus, that since Thou hast lovingly given unto me to drink in with delight the words of Thy wisdom, Thou wilt also grant me to attain to Thee, the

fountain-head of all wisdom, and to stand for ever before Thy face."

This is practically all we know and can know about this half-century of daily work. It is all conveyed in the words we use in the office of the Saint —*Semper legit, semper scripsit, semper docuit, semper oravit*—he was ever reading, writing, teaching or praying.

But if we have such slight and general records of St. Bede, we know much in detail of the life that was going on around him, of the atmosphere which he breathed and in which he lived and worked ; of that fulness of activity to be found at Wearmouth and Jarrow ; of the simplicity of spirit and singleness of mind in which all the works carried on there were pursued. The great St. Benet Biscop is the type of its activity. He was the founder of these monasteries and the true author of the work these simple monks, who lived far away in the north by the river Tyne, have done for the world at large. Of the spirit of simplicity that pervaded the place, Bede's own account of Esterwine (even if we had not the evidence of our Saint himself in their every page) is sufficient testimony.

St. Benet Biscop.

To St. Benet Biscop we English—and so too, indeed, for that matter, does the civilized world generally—owe a debt of gratitude which has hitherto not been sufficiently recognized even by Catholics. It was undoubtedly St. Benet who first realized in England what was the power of learning

in forwarding God's cause, and the civilizing influence of books, of industries and art. From his many journeys abroad he returned laden with manuscript treasures from Rome, Lerins and elsewhere : he induced teachers of music, scribes and painters and glass-makers to come to his monastery in the far north : he formed there a school of learning of which St. Bede was but the most brilliant of the scholars and masters. His influence did not stop there ; from Wearmouth and Jarrow came Egbert and the school of York ; and from York came Alcuin, the great master mind which directed the revival of letters under Charlemagne. "Blessed by God indeed is the place," writes Alcuin himself of Wearmouth, "which has deserved to have such teachers, and blessed those who dwelling there strive to carry out their teaching. Remember what noble Fathers you have had, and be not degenerate sons of such ancestors. Look at your treasure of books : think of the beauty of your churches, the elegance of your monastic buildings ; meditate on the order of regular life (which is there established). Happy the man who can pass from that peaceful home into the joys of the heavenly kingdom." This is what the great Alcuin thought of the school which St. Benet Biscop had set up at Wearmouth ; and, in truth, to his work there may be traced directly the whole Carlovingian renaissance and all that this means for the civilization of Europe generally.

Abbot Easterwine.

There was no proclamation of this: no programme, no boasting, no consciousness of any mission. It was a simple, placid, even, uneventful life that the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow led on the banks of the Tyne twelve centuries ago. We may catch a glimpse of the reality in St. Bede's own account of Abbot Easterwine, who undertook the rule of the monastery in the ninth year from its foundation. "He was of noble birth," he writes, "being a kinsman of St. Benet Biscop, but this in no wise made any difference in his observance of every rule, and though indeed he had been a minister of King Egfrid, when he resigned secular employments and, laying aside his arms, had entered the spiritual service, he ever showed himself so truly humble and on a par with every other of his brethren, that his chief delight was when he was employed with them in winnowing or grinding the corn, or in milking the kine and the ewes. He was ever joyous and prompt at the work of the bake-house, of the kitchen, garden, and indeed in all the labours of the monastery. Even after he had received the name and rank of an Abbot he was still the same in all these things, remembering the admonition of the wise man: 'Have they made thee ruler? Be not therefore puffed up. Be among them as one of themselves: kindly and courteous to all.'"

And so when Abbot Easterwine, "often going hither and thither on the business of the monastery, found the brethren at work, he would join them at their labour, either guiding the plough, or wielding

the forge hammer, or turning the winnowing fan or other such work. He was useful in his great strength and kindly in his speech ; he was cheerful in disposition and large-hearted in his kindnesses ; honesty was written on his face. He ever used the same food as the rest of the brethren, and after he was Abbot he continued to occupy his old place in the common dormitory. Even when he was seized by his last illness, he continued for two more days to lie in the common sleeping place. He died on March 6 at night, whilst the brethren were singing their Matins."

Truly St. Bede's was the placid, even, uneventful life of the ideal student, priest and monk. Prayer and work, work and prayer, always and ever in unchanging regularity, day by day and year by year, for fifty years. St. Bede's surroundings—his environment we should, perhaps, call it in the language of to-day—seem eminently suitable to a life like his. It was almost arcadian in its picturesque simplicity. "It was," says a modern writer, "a fulfilment in the letter of the glowing imagery of prophets about the evangelical period." "It was a bringing back of those real, not fabulous, scenes of innocence and miracle, when Adam delved, or Abel kept sheep, or Noe planted the vine, and angels visited them." As we read, in St. Bede's own language, the description of how Abbot Easterwine passed to his reward, and try to picture the life at Wearmouth, we can imagine that the same words would almost apply to himself, or at any rate picture truthfully the influences by which he was himself surrounded. His was, indeed, labour of a different

kind—that of teaching and writing, but the spirit of Easterwine we recognize in Bede. That one glimpse we get, too, of the boy monk keeping choir with his Abbot in the deserted stalls of Jarrow is an indication of the way in which throughout life he clung to the common duties of his state. The *Opus Dei*, God's work, as St. Benedict calls the Office, was to him refreshment and repose, giving him strength to renew his studies and furnishing food for his meditations. He would hear of no relaxation from the daily round of choral duties. "Our master, and your patron, the blessed Bede," writes Alcuin to the monks of Jarrow, "is reported to have said: 'I know that angels come to the canonical hours and to the assemblies of the brethren. What if they did not find me among my brothers? Would they not have reason to say, "Where is Bede? Why does he not come with the brethren to the appointed services?"'"

It would be difficult to find a more fitting description of the life-work of St. Bede, in a few words, than that which Cardinal Newman gives of his ideal monk:—"To the monk heaven was next door; he formed no plans, he had no cares. He went forth in his youth to his work and his labour until the evening of life; if he lived a day longer he did a day's more work. He ploughed and sowed, he prayed, he meditated, he studied, he wrote, he taught, and then he died and went to heaven."

Death of St. Bede.

This is St. Bede ; and as we read these few words we are reminded of the description given by St. Bede's disciple, Cuthbert, of his master's deathbed. Of course, we all know that word-picture well ; but I cannot omit to tell again the old story in the same great Cardinal's English form :—

"He was exceedingly oppressed with shortness of breathing, though without pain before Easter day for about a fortnight," writes Cuthbert, the monk, of St. Bede ; "but he rallied and was full of joy and gladness and gave thanks to Almighty God day and night and every hour up to Ascension Day ; and he gave us, his scholars, daily lectures, and passed the rest of the day in singing the Psalms, and the night, too, in joy and thanksgiving, except the scanty time which he gave to sleep. And as soon as he woke he was busy in his customary way, and he never ceased with uplifted hands giving thanks to God. I solemnly protest, never have I seen or heard of any one who was so diligent in thanksgiving.

"He sang that sentence of the blessed Apostle Paul, 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,' and many other passages of Scripture, in which he warned us to shake off the slumber of soul, by anticipating our last hour. And he sang some verses of his own in English also, to the effect that no one could be too well prepared for his end, viz., in calling to mind before he departs hence what good or evil he has done and how his judgement will lie. And he sang, too, the antiphons, of which one is, 'O King of glory, Lord of Angels,

Who this day hast ascended in triumph above all the heavens, leave us not orphans, but send the promise of the Father upon us, the Spirit of Truth,' and when he came to the words, *leave us not orphans*, he burst into tears and wept much. He said, too, 'God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,' and, with St. Ambrose, 'I have not so lived as to be ashamed to have been among you, nor do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord.'

"In those days, besides our lectures and the Psalmody, he was engaged in two works: he was translating into English the Gospel of St. John, as far as the words: 'But what are these among so many?' and some extracts from the *Notæ* of Isidore. On the Tuesday before Ascension Day he began to suffer still more in his breathing, and his feet were slightly swollen. However, he went through the day, dictating cheerfully, and he kept saying from time to time, 'Take down what I say quickly, for I know not how long I am to last, or whether my Maker will not take me soon.' He seemed to us to be quite aware of the time of his going, and he passed that night in giving thanks without sleeping. As soon as morning broke, that is on the Wednesday, he urged us to make haste with the writing which we had begun. We did so till nine o'clock, when we walked in procession with the relics of the Saints, according to the usage of that day. But one of our party said to him, 'Dearest Master, one chapter is still wanting—can you bear our asking you about it?' He answered, 'I can bear it; take your pen and be ready to write quickly.' At three o'clock he said to me, 'Run fast and call your

priests that I may divide among them some little gifts that I have in my box.' When I had done this in much agitation he spoke to each, urging and entreating them all to make a point of saying Masses and prayers for him. Thus he passed the day in joy until evening, when the above-named youth said to him : 'Dear Master, there is yet one sentence not written ;' he answered, 'Write quickly.' Presently the youth said, 'Now it is finished ;' he replied, 'Good, thou hast said the truth ; *consummatum est ;* take my head into thy hands, for it is very pleasant for me to sit facing my old praying-place and thus to call upon my Father.' And so on the floor of his cell he sang, 'Glory be to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,' and just as he said 'Holy Ghost,' he breathed his last and went to the realms above."

This recitation, no doubt, is familiar to all of us, and the words in which Cardinal Newman has clothed it have finally fixed its English form. I know not what you may feel ; but whenever I read the story of St. Bede's deathbed, as left us by the monk Cuthbert, one characteristic especially strikes me, that is, its *modernism*. The surroundings of the eighth century are now, of course, past and gone ; but the narrative is full of touching details, which are precisely those which would strike the mind at the present day. To some it may seem that stories of men, whom the world to-day in sport calls "the monks of old," belong to a past that is no concern of ours, that does not touch us, that cannot influence or help us ; and that the only value they possess is their worth as curiosities of literature, or as indica-

tions of ancient manners and customs. Is this true ? I say no—a thousand times no—and if those who doubt this would only take the trouble to look closely into the matter and make use of the advantages of the modern methods, which the new historical school has established for sound scholarship, they would see how false and short-sighted a view the other is.

More than this, when I come into this thriving city of Manchester, and consider the great palace which is being built up in your midst as a technical school—and I only wish that such schools had been long ago established in every great city of the Empire—I cannot but recognize how fortunate and how happy a thing it is that this College, in which we are assembled, has been placed under the particular patronage of St. Bede. This school I take to be, in part at least, a modern school—a school to be adapted to the exacting needs of the great industrial community of the present day. In such a school every undertaking to command success must be pursued in a scientific spirit. Now, if we look closely into the work at Wearmouth and Jarrow, we shall see that this precisely was the characteristic of the spirit which animated St. Bede and his fellow-workers in their cloisters by the Tyne nearly twelve hundred years ago.

I am speaking now, of course, not of the religious side, but of the thoroughness and conscientiousness which has to be put into our work, whatever it may be, if it is to live and fructify. But when we look deeper, and consider what was the character and tone and temper of these men as monks and

men of God, and see them ever living, moving, working as if consciously in God's sight, I think they have in this a lesson for us Catholics no less entirely practical and proper for these restless modern days.

His Thorough and Scholarly Work.

Let us take these two points separately: First, what was the work that has been left by the Jarrow school, looked at as mere work? And, secondly, what was the quality and character of the men who, in the age in which they lived, could produce such work? The new historical school has taught us and enabled us to look into the reality of things: that is, to penetrate into the very life of the past, and to realize, and, if we may use the expression, revivify, much that to earlier inquirers into those times appeared to be dead and buried for ever beneath the dust of ages. Looked at, then, in the light of all we now know, the work of St. Bede no longer appears as the product of mere individual effort: like the work of a Mabillon, it was the outcome of the labours of many fellow-workers in one great common cause—the service of God and of His Church. Now, when we compare the work done under the inspiration of St. Bede at Wearmouth and Jarrow with the other literary efforts of the seventh and eighth centuries, one characteristic at once strikes us. The work of that northern English school is what may be called "thorough and scholarly." There is no parade of erudition nor pretence; it will bear the test of

examination ; it carries with it evidence of wide reading and full knowledge utilized with judgement and critical tact, and for this it became a model to subsequent generations. Whether we take the History of Bede for chronology and the careful determination of dates ; or his treatise on metre, which is really philological ; or his Scripture commentaries, and compare them with the efforts of a century or two before, or even with those of a century or two after, we can at once detect the difference. St. Bede, moreover, knew how to utilize in God's service the labours even of those who were not always orthodox, where they could be useful and where there was no question of the Faith, like those, for example, of the Donatist Tyconius. Nothing, it is true, can be more simple than his notes on the Sacred Scriptures ; but when we take his Scripture work as a whole, with his prefaces and the rest, and set this beside similar efforts of later mediæval commentators, we can hardly fail to recognize in Bede's work a mastery of all that had before been written, to see that the subject is ever handled according to the principles of, what we to-day should call, sound scholarship, and that the author was fully sensible of the importance of true textual criticism.

Or take his History : "There are scenes in it," says a modern writer, "which live in the hearts of every one of us . . . which will live as long as Englishmen have any care for their country and their Church, as long as the story of saintliness and self-sacrifice can awaken an answering echo in human hearts." Yet reflect how this great record

of our country was composed. Remember that its author was a man who lived his whole life within the narrow circuit of a few miles; remember also the difficulty of obtaining information in those days. Still, to acquire knowledge, and accurate knowledge, he went to work precisely as the historian would at the present day, never resting till he had got at the best sources of information attainable, at the cost of whatever time or patience or labour it might involve. It is only now, in this age of minute criticism, that we can realize the full excellency of St. Bede's historical methods.

The chief study of St. Bede and his fellow monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow was, however, the Holy Scriptures. It was from this monastery that has come to us the best and most correct manuscript of the Vulgate—a scientific achievement of the highest quality. Let us try and realize what this simple fact means. We know in our day, with all our modern aids and processes, the time, labour, and anxious care that are involved in investigating the sacred books in order to secure the purest possible text. Only those who have been engaged in such studies can fully understand, or indeed form any idea, of the difficulty and complexity of the task. Now, precisely the same problem presented itself to the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow at the close of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. The old and the new, or Vulgate version, had been long enough in existence together to have permitted the production of manuscripts in which the readings of both versions were mingled in almost hopeless confusion,

The task which St. Bede and his fellow monks put before themselves, then, was to sift and sort the one from the other, and thus to produce as pure a text as possible of our Authorized Version of the Sacred Scriptures, which we call the Vulgate. This was, indeed, an undertaking proper to task the highest scientific qualities of any age. How the monks of St. Bede's school succeeded, the still extant manuscript, known as the great Codex Amiatinus, is sufficient evidence. As may rightly be the case with men who do good work, they were themselves not unconscious of the value and importance of what they had achieved for the Church. This is evident from the fact that when the aged Abbot Ceolfrid determined to lay aside his life-long work and retire to Rome to die, he caused a copy of this Bible to be prepared for him to take as the most fitting present to offer to the successor of St. Peter.

Now all this is evidence that under St. Bede at Wearmouth and at Jarrow men had learned as the first condition of sound work that principle inculcated in Holy Writ, "Whatever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." There was no carelessness, no slovenliness, no shirking of toil and labour, no ignoring of minute details in what they did. The idea that anything but the best was good enough was impossible, where conscience reigned over and regulated every work. These were the qualities which distinguished our Saint and the Northumbrian school formed under his guidance, and this is why their labours came to have through their disciple and inheritor of their methods, Alcuin,

such a decisive influence on the development of European culture.

Now, different as is the work to be done in our modern cities, and at a time like this closing year of the nineteenth century, from what a dozen centuries ago was required at Jarrow, it seems to me that it is precisely the same qualities and the same spirit which will command success now as did then. These are days of the widest competition, and there is no doubt whatever that we in England have not been sufficiently alive in the past to the qualities and conditions which alone secure success in the struggle. They may all really be summed up in one word—"thoroughness"—thoroughness is everything; and, I would add, a determination to be content with nothing less than the best possible. You glory in this house in the patronage of St. Bede: remember that the very qualities which I have pointed out as the conditions of successful work are precisely those which marked the labours of St. Bede and his fellow monks at Wearmouth and Jarrow. This is no imagination of mine, no forcing of the facts to make them fit into the circumstances of this place. Those who will give themselves the trouble to investigate the case, will see that this is so. After all, this world is but a school to train us for the life to come, and for most of us—nay, for all of us—the best preparation for eternity is the thorough and conscientious discharge of the present duties incumbent upon us.

And here, again, as we read and re-read the pages of St. Bede and compare them with those of his predecessors, contemporaries and immediate successors, what should strike us so much is the

exquisite temper and balance of mind of which they give evidence. In every page there is a transparent simplicity, and running through everything an all-pervading spirit of simple piety. The works show us the man as a thorough disciplined soul: and whilst, contemplating his work as a whole, we are surprised at his activity, yet there is no evidence or sign of haste or hurry. His mind seems to have been possessed by two simple ideas, and they are what are perhaps the most needed at the present day. First, the conviction that he was ever walking in the presence of God; and next, that God being ever with him, all that he did, no matter what, was a work of religion—a part of his reasonable service of God. Think of the calm of that death scene: the Saint was fully possessed of his faculties, knowing all that was going on round about him, and working even to the very end. To him clearly there was so complete a knowledge of the habitual presence of God, which St. Paul would have us realize when he says, "In Him we live and move and have our being," that the passage of a soul from this world to the next was both easy and natural.

St. Bede and the Bible.

One more point, and one of the utmost importance: the whole life of this great English Doctor of the Church was fixed and centred upon what a great man now dead has called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." It was from the Sacred Books that St. Bede and his followers and disciples nourished their whole lives. Remember, too, what the work

was upon which St. Bede was engaged when he was on his deathbed—it was a translation of the Gospels into English—that is, one intended for the poor in spirit, the simple and humble of heart, not for the learned. Here, too, in devotion to the Scripture and in a desire to break the word to the poor and unlearned, we may all of us take a useful lesson from the life of St. Bede.

Finally, St. Bede shows himself to be the very antithesis of any narrow-minded or exclusive glorification of his own Order or mode of life. It is impossible to read his *Ecclesiastical History* without seeing how he glories in the common work of the Church, and how he regards the monastic as merely one manifestation of the Christian life in the world. His letter to Archbishop Egbert is a sufficient indication of the wide character of his sympathies. To him the Bishop was the appointed overseer of all the flock, and he even blames the excessive multiplication of religious houses and the bestowal upon them of too many churches and lands as tending to cripple the divinely appointed work of the episcopate. Above all other characteristics necessary in a teacher and ruler of men was, our Saint strongly indicates, "gentleness and tenderness of heart." Of King Ethelbert, after his conversion by St. Augustine, he says, that "he had learned from the teachers and authors of his salvation that men were to be drawn heavenward, not forced," just as Aldhelm said of the British that "schismatics were to be convinced, not compelled." And, to take one more point, he ever insists that it was all-important for a teacher of religion to remember the truth that no man can

successfully carry God's message to others who has not already in his own life mastered its meaning.

These are some among the many useful lessons St. Bede has for us to-day. As we think over his life and work we can understand the influence his spirit has exercised at all times in the centuries of change which have separated his day from ours. What a change that has been! Dynasties have risen, have ruled, and have fallen; great men in Church and State have come and gone, and given place to others; the peaceful reaches of the lower Tyne, as Bede knew them, are to-day covered with great ships carrying out to lands unknown to Bede's geography, or bringing in from those distant shores, the merchandise of the greatest commercial empire the world has ever known; the solitude and repose of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in which Bede lived his life of prayer and study, is broken now by the constant din of the multitudes gathered together in the busy cities which now cover the river banks and stretch away far inland; even in religion the England of Bede is changed beyond recognition—a change which he would undoubtedly have regarded as the most disastrous of all things which could have happened in the land he loved so well. Yet, amidst all the changes that time and man have wrought, is there a name in the whole of our English annals that has been, and is, so universally revered and honoured as that of Bede?—our Venerable Bede, as his countrymen from the first have loved to call him. You, who live under a roof-tree dedicated to his memory, and under his special patronage, may well rejoice to-day in the public honour done to his

name. And I who, though unworthy, stand amongst you wearing the habit of St. Benedict which our great Saint wore twelve centuries ago—a habit which, in spite of all changes, civil or religious, has never for a day been absent from the land—I, too, may rejoice with you to-day in the celebration of this our feast, when for the first time he is proclaimed a Doctor of the Faith by the Universal Church. To us he has, of course, ever been not alone the brightest ornament of the glorious Saxon Church, but our model, our master, our doctor. Now, after the lapse of the centuries, the world at large recognizes him as we have known him, and they to-day say to him with us: "Thou wast filled as a river with wisdom, and thy soul covered the earth. . . . Thy name went abroad to the islands far off, and thou wast beloved in thy peace."

FATHER CUTHBERT'S CURIOSITY CASE.

CHAPTER VII.

"YOUR holidays," I remarked to Father Cuthbert, "seem to have been a very fruitful source of information and also of adventure to you, if I may guess from the many curiosities that those vacations have added to your Curiosity Case."

"That is so," he answered.

"Well," I continued, "as our thoughts are, I reckon, more or less directed towards our rest in the bright cheerful country at home or abroad, or to the freshness of the sea-side, suppose you give me another of your holiday stories."

"Here," he said, taking up a piece of lead and holding it in his hand—"here is an object which has a history which I think will interest you. If you wish I will tell you the story of

"The Flattened Bullet."

As I walked down the hill into the hollow in which the village of Foxley is prettily situated, I little dreamt to what a stirring and exciting adventure I was journeying. The scattered cottages of the village and the old grey

church on rising ground above the mill stream were bathed in the morning sun. The tall trees threw an agreeable shade over the somewhat dusty road, and the autumn added to the beauty of the quiet and retired spot.

I had finished an early breakfast after my Mass at Easton-in-Marden, and set out to spend the day with General Jackson, who lived some three or four miles away from the little mission house attached to the pretty Catholic Church. I was taking a holiday in the old-fashioned way, doing duty for the Priest who had charge of the mission, to enable him to get away for a time. I knew his parish well and his parishioners. It was by no means my first visit: I had often spent a pleasant week in the early autumn in that locality, and other seasons had seen me a visitor to that bright spot in the midlands.

The General had made me promise to go early and spend the day with him, and return the next morning. He had a chapel in his house, with permission for the celebration of Mass, so it was a pleasure for him to have a priest for his guest. I passed the village of Foxley about midway, and at length came to the handsome stone building surrounded by a park with grand old trees. I was always welcome: his old butler, James Weldon, and myself, were acquaintances of long standing; and the gardener and I had rare times together discussing the various insect friends and foes of the spacious garden, and its fruits and flowers.

We spent some time in the grounds and garden. The General had introduced me to an old friend of his a Mr. Triton, who was staying with him for a few days. This

good gentleman was a well-to-do city man, who had travelled much and was well informed on many subjects. He was a very agreeable companion and full of anecdote. It is pleasant in life to meet such cheery souls—men who take an optimistic view of everything and are never sparing of their praise. Their good humour is catching and their companionship most entertaining. They believe every man to be honest and worthy of all trust until they have had personal experience to the contrary, and even then they are full of excuses for their less favoured brethren. Such men brighten life by letting in sunshine on the dark spots of our existence.

We had just returned from an afternoon walk, and were seated in a cool and cosy room enjoying a smoke and chat before dinner. Old James Weldon, the butler, was present. He remarked to the General :—

"By the way, sir, while you were shaving this morning, a man came and said he should like to see you, that he came from the builder about some repairs to the roof, but that as you were engaged it didn't matter. He'd call again, he said, perhaps to-morrow. He had another man with him, and they asked me to show them to the other side of the house where the rain came in."

"What kind of a man was he?"

"A short thick set man, with a black beard."

"And he had on," said the General, "a brown suit, and wore a brown bowler hat?"

"No," answered James, "he was dressed in a grey suit and a black felt hat."

"James!" ejaculated the General sharply.

"Yes, sir," said the astonished butler.

"If that man calls again, I'll see him! Mind you let me know at once."

When James had gone and we were alone with the General, he said—

"Last night I dreamt that I was shaving and that a stranger came to see me. I went down in my dream and saw the man. From the description given by James, the man who came was the man I saw in my dream. But James says he was dressed in grey. I seemed to be very restless and dreamt a second time of the man with a short black beard, but dressed in brown, and I thought I saw him in my bedroom, trying to open a chest where I have some valuables locked away. This is very strange. We must ask James a few more questions."

James was interrogated. From him we learnt that the man said that he and his companion had to go further. He then asked the time of the dinner hour, saying that he should not like to disturb the master at his dinner.

"These men are burglars, I expect," said the General. "They are probably the same who tried Sir Henry Rummer's house a few days ago about nine o'clock, while Sir Henry and his guests were dining, and the servants were engaged. We must be on the look-out for them. There isn't any time to lose, and we can't communicate with the police, so we must be on the alert. We must see that no one enters by the front of the house. My bedroom is at the back—they will make for that—and probably they will try to enter that way. The ladders used by the men who repaired the roof have not been removed, so they may assist them and us. Don't look so frightened, James! Whatever you do, don't breathe a

word to the female servants, or everything will be spoilt. If these men are burglars, we must see if we can't be a match for them. Tell Harry I want to see him at once."

The butler went off to fetch Harry, the gardener's son, who looked after the stables and the horses.

"You don't mean to say, General," said I, "that you are going to risk an encounter with these men?"

"Why not?" he said.

"They generally carry fire-arms," I remarked.

"I shall be prepared," he answered: "leave it to me."

Harry arrived, and the plan of operation was discussed. The other male servants were assembled, and the whole of our defensive and offensive plans fully mapped out; each one had his own place and work apportioned to him.

"Somehow or other these fellows have got to know that I have valuables in my house, and probably know that they are in my bedroom. Whatever we do, we must keep up the appearance of festivity. Tell the cook to hasten on the dinner, and be all of you prepared."

I think I have never eaten a dinner under more trying circumstances. We were all in a state more or less of excitement, except the General, who kept remarkably cool. After all, I argued with myself, the whole affair might be only a myth, and the burglary an imagination. We had no proof that the men were burglars. The dream was a strange one, but perhaps only one of those remarkable coincidences which often happen.

We were laughing and talking and enjoying our cigars when we were startled by the notes of a cornet at the back of the house playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"Good heavens!" said the General, "They are early, and they have chosen the back of the house."

We listened. The strains of the cornet were still pouring forth the melody of the old song.

"Harry is a brave boy," remarked the General, "and knows his work perfectly. He has seen them from the stables and that is our signal. They will little dream that we are on the alert. He has his wits about him. Now gentlemen, follow me. You, Father, and you, Triton, let me go first. I have my revolver, so don't be afraid. Let me go on ahead."

I scarcely know how it all happened. The General had rushed up in front of us and flung open the door of his bed room. I heard him shout "Hands up!" but at the same moment a shot whipped past me and thudded against the marble vase on the landing. Then I heard the reports of the General's revolver; after that there was a crashing of glass, hurried footsteps and great excitement. The burglars had, however, escaped.

We searched and could find no traces of them. One had dropped on to the conservatory and broken some of the glass in his fall, the other had escaped by the ladder.

"Well, we've had bad luck this time," said the General. "It's all my fault; I was too soon for them. Had I given them more time they would have been caught."

"Don't say bad luck, General," I answered, "but say good providence; for that bullet which missed you nearly hit me, and has only destroyed that beautiful vase of yours on the landing."

"The fellow was too quick for me; that cool shot at

me, I suppose, unsteadied my aim ; anyhow I think I hit him. We can now rest safe till the morning. They won't trouble us again to-night."

Next morning we were up betimes, and, after Mass in the little chapel and a hasty breakfast, set out searching round the house for any clues that might lead to the identification of the burglars. The result of our investigations was as follows. In the conservatory under the broken glass I picked up the button of a coat, with a little piece of cloth attached to it, I also noticed on examination of the conservatory some blood-stained finger marks—these I pointed out were the marks of the left hand. It was evident therefore that one of the men must have been wounded or cut himself with the glass in the left hand. But in searching some distance from the house I came across the torn fragments of a letter. It began, "My dear Annie," and ended, "Your affectionate friend, Fred Birch."

"Birch," I repeated to myself, "Fred Birch ; why, that is the name of an old acquaintance of mine ! Can this be the same ? Fred Birch was a bad boy—robbed the offertory plates and tampered with the church boxes even when he was at school : he ended by running away from home after robbing his employer. I had not heard of him for many years. Could this be the same ? If so, was he in any way connected with last night's affair ?"

I communicated my suspicions to the General. We agreed to call up one of the servants who was named Annie and try to elicit further information.

"Probably," I said, "this Fred Birch is a chance acquaintance, and she may tell us something of his where-

abouts. Her information may help us considerably."

So it turned out: Annie had met him at her aunt's, where he was lodging with "another gentleman"—that was days ago, and she thought he was still lodging with her aunt, who lived about seven miles away in the direction of Monkeaton.

When the detective and police officers arrived we laid before them the result of our enquiries, and resolved at once to set off to look for Fred Birch.

We drove to within a mile of our destination; then we alighted and left our trap at the village inn.

"We'll take the high road for a little way and then cross by the field. I know the old lady's cottage well. Perhaps we shall be fortunate enough to, at least, hear something of the 'gentleman' we are seeking."

We had not proceeded far when we came to a sudden sharp bend in the road. The General's quick eye at once detected a figure in the distance.

Starting back suddenly so as to be hidden from view in the shade of the overhanging hedge and trees—he whispered to me. "Go back quietly; tell the others to come up quickly and be prepared. That man who is coming along the road is, I believe, the man we want. Did you notice the colour of his coat and hat?—just as I saw it in my dream! He evidently did not notice us."

A few hurried words had brought the party to a standstill at the bend of the road. Here we remained in silence, sheltered by the deep shadow of the hedge and overhanging trees.

The man in the brown coat came towards us at a swinging pace. Before he could realize his position he was

surrounded, and the General and the detective had covered him with their revolvers.

"Resistance is useless, my man, so you had better come along quietly with us!"

They had clapped the "bracelets" on his wrists. One of the police officers drew from the man's breast-pocket a small six-shooter, observing with a grim smile—

"Gentlemen, here's our friend's card-case!"

"Yes," said the General, "that is the gentleman who called on me yesterday when I was shaving, and last night left us his card in the shape of a flattened bullet. He, too, has shaved since then."

Leaving the captured burglar in the hands of the two police officers, we set out across the fields and were soon at the old dame's cottage. There we found, sitting in the garden, Fred Birch, whom I instantly recognized, his left hand bandaged; he looked very pale.

"Fred, my boy," said the detective, "your old chum in the brown coat is waiting for you in the road over yonder. You're wanted on pressing business. Hurry up, my lad!"

Then turning to us he added, "This is as neat a bit of business, and as pretty a catch, as ever I've been engaged in, thanks to his Reverence."

At the trial the button and the bullet were in evidence. Fred Birch was placed in durance vile for seven years, His companion in the brown coat had long been wanted by the police: his sentence was penal servitude for the remainder of his natural life.

The flattened bullet I claimed as a relic of a very exciting adventure, and placed it in my Curiosity Case.

CHAPTER VIII.

We were talking over the crisis in the Church of England, and the subject of the conversion of the Ritualists entered into our conversation.

"Perhaps," remarked Father Cuthbert, "one of the greatest obstacles to conversion is the narrow-minded and rooted antipathy to the Catholic Church which exists in the minds of Englishmen. They have made up their minds that it is not an English institution, and they fall back upon the widespread prejudice of their countrymen, the result of more than three centuries of cruel and repeated misrepresentation. Even when the old prejudice goes, there comes to many minds a fear lest the Catholic Roman Church may turn out at best to be no better than the Anglican Establishment: perhaps there may be even more errors in the Church ruled by the Pope! They are assured that it is so by their teachers. Why make sacrifices to leave that which is not perfect for that which is less perfect? What will they get from communion with Rome which they do not possess already? Will they find the ideal peace and the real perfection of a divinely instituted Church in Roman Catholicism? The same kind of argument prevails now as in the days when Cardinal Manning and others were striving with their consciences

concerning the Roman claims to obedience. Mr. Aubrey de Vere has expressed it very well in the following passage in his Reminiscences.—"My own opinion as to the immense seriousness of the crisis had been quite as advanced as Manning's from the time when the Gorham judgment was passed, and it had become plain that it was not to be cancelled. Many troubled pamphlets came out from time to time, written by High Churchmen, 'perplexed in the extreme,' and propounding theories according to which the condition of things, bad as it was acknowledged to be, was yet one that might be borne with under protest. These theories we both regarded as 'jury-mast theories,' under which we were invited to sail while the ship was dragging the mast recently blown over. I remember Manning meeting them with a dry remark, 'If a man traffics long with such sophisms he will fall at last into a confirmed habit of babbling and talking nonsense.' Old prepossessions and consequent misgivings were, however, strong with me, for I had long thought it a duty of loyalty to read Church history through Anglican spectacles. I remember Manning's quiet answer to a remark of mine. 'Our position is not pleasant,' I said. 'The waves rise; our vessel leaks, and assumes, besides, a good deal the look of a merchant vessel. Near us rides a ship, vast, majestic, and secure. But then there remains an ugly doubt, when we think of the charges brought against her in our youth—namely, may not that stately ship have come from an infected port and have the plague on board?' His face shrivelled up into an expression of humorous vexation as he replied, 'Or at least bugs!'"

Old prepossessions and consequent misgivings, the

ugly doubt remaining, the fear of the plague spot or of the vulgar vermin, the horror of finding things not up to the standard of English polished respectability—all this, the result of rooted prejudice, is a great obstacle to submission to the Truth. It takes a long time often to see the beauty of the Catholic Truth so long distorted and obscured in the minds of Anglicans by being looked at through Anglican spectacles.

"To illustrate this," continued Father Cuthbert, taking out a little packet from his Curiosity Case which contained a returned envelope and also a letter, "I will tell you the story attached to

The Misdirected Envelope.

PART I.

I was staying for a fortnight with my dear old friend Father Dickson in the sunny town of Spillbrook, overlooking the sea. That hilly spot, nestling in the shadow of downs and cliffs was bright with its terraced streets and the glorious and luxuriant foliage of its trees and shrubs.

In one of the pretty villas, perched high on the hillside with a magnificent view of the sea, Mrs. Caskett and her daughter Septima Florence, were staying as guests of a Catholic family, parishioners of Father Dickson. The villa, sheltered by the great down, with its lovely garden, its fine sheltering trees and its wonderful vines, passion-flowers and other plants, formed an ideal spot.

Mrs. Caskett was a widow lady of sixty-six years, and her daughter, who was almost twenty-two, was the youngest

of seven children, of whom she was the only survivor. Both were well informed and agreeable, and I had several long chats with them during my stay. Mrs. Caskett was a strict Evangelical member of the Church of England, whilst the daughter was a pronounced Ritualist, full of the most advanced, or, as she termed them "Catholic," ideas.

On one occasion the subject of the religious differences of the Anglican Communion was being discussed in our presence by the mother and daughter and their friends.

"I do not hold with the Romanizing of the English Church," said the good lady. "If people want vestments and lights and incense and all such things, they should seek them where they are allowed, and not introduce them into the Established Church, which condemns them."

"But, mother," urged her daughter, with much warmth, "all this is not 'Romanizing'! We are only restoring the primitive worship of the Church. We are making it more Catholic."

"Well, it may be all right, child, but I don't see it. I was born a Protestant, I've lived one, and hope to die one. We never heard of all this high ritual when I was a girl. There were true and good men in the Church then—quite as good as now. I suppose I'm too old to understand these things, but I was always taught that the Protestant Religion, the Church of England, was established to do away with the Catholic Religion, the Mass, the Confessional, and all such things, and now the Ritualists are bringing them all back again—well, I tell you candidly I cannot understand it."

"Yes, but Cousin Basil says that the Anglican Church

does, and always did, hold all these truths, and that it is our duty to believe them. He is a priest, and says his Orders are the same as those of the Roman Church, and that the Eucharistic Celebration and the Mass are the same."

"Yes, but Basil is a young and ardent clergyman of the advanced ritualistic school, and he is of course imbued with these new ideas."

"But they are not new ideas, mother!"

"Well, well, child, we won't argue," said her mother. "As you are going to be his wife it is well, perhaps, that you should fall into his way of thinking, but that way is not mine, nor was it your father's nor your grandparents'; we never talked about nor believed in our continuity with the Church in England before the Reformation. We believed that the Reformers were good men blessed by God, and that they severed themselves entirely from the Catholic Church which up till then held to the Pope. They did away with, they swept entirely away, the errors and idolatries of popery, and restored Christianity which had been lost for some eight hundred years. But we won't argue. That is what we were taught when we were girls."

Both the mother and the daughter were very ignorant of the teaching of the Catholic Church, and during their stay in Spillbrook with their Catholic friends they came to know more about the teaching of Rome than they had ever dreamt of before. Father Dickson was the first priest they had ever spoken to. It was almost a revelation to them that a man could be a priest and remain a gentleman at the same time. "Could any good thing come out of Rome?" seemed to be the continual question in their

minds. They even received the answers to our questions with a certain degree of distrust.

The world is not a very large world after all, and it happened that the Protestant vicar of the Anglican Church in my Mission was a friend of their family. When they heard that he and I were good friends it seemed to give them some little confidence in my respectability. When I was leaving Spillbrook I went to pay my respects to the good people at the villa and their Protestant guests.

More than a year had passed away. The Rev. Basil Walters, an Anglican clergyman and cousin to Miss Seppie Caskett, was in Canada, doing good work among the Protestants far away in the open country miles and miles distant from the towns. He was young, ardent and energetic. It had been arranged that he should return to England after three years' missionary work, and marry his cousin.

To my great surprise I met Miss Caskett one day in one of our courts. She was dressed in mourning, and told me she had lost her mother some eight months after her visit to Spillbrook. Her cousin had wished her to associate herself with some Anglican workers among the poor, and in tracing some people she had come into the precincts of our Mission. From time to time we came across one another, and she told me that she still kept up a correspondence with her Catholic friends from Spillbrook, whom she sometimes saw.

At our school was a little Protestant child of the name of Copse. She had been absent for some few days. Her father was a bootmaker, and she herself was a bright little

creature. I was returning from a sick call and passing down the street in which they lived. Mr. Copse was standing at the door of his little shop. I inquired why Martha had not been at school.

"My wife" he replied, "has been very ill. Won't you come in and see her? I know she will be very glad of a visit from you."

I entered the very neat and clean room in which the patient was lying, and was greeted in tones of welcome.

"I am so glad you have come, Father Cuthbert," said she, "for I have been longing to see you."

I then inquired if she had seen any clergyman, for I saw that she was very ill indeed. She said she did not want the ministrations of anyone but a Catholic priest.

"I have read and re-read the little Catechism that Martha learns at your school, and I have been several times to your church, and I wish to die a Catholic."

She then explained that she did not like to send for me, as she was not one of the flock. I told her that she would have to make her Confession.

"That," she said "is the reason why I want to be a Catholic. I believe what the Catechism says; and in your Church, and not in mine, are the real priests."

I found her well instructed, for she had learnt the religion from little Martha and the Catechism. Martha, her only child, was, like her mother and father, a Protestant. "She can choose for herself when she is old enough," they said.

I saw the good woman was sinking fast, and so I hastened to receive her into the Church. I then explained that before giving Absolution I must baptize her, conditionally. She looked at me and said

"Father, I have never been baptized."

When I had baptized her, I told her that I would return soon and give her Holy Viaticum and the last rites.

To my surprise, when I returned I found there Miss Caskett, who had taken, for a few days, the place of the usual district visitor. She had, it appeared, visited the good woman early in the day and wished to bring the ritualistic parson, but Mrs. Copse would not have him.

Miss Caskett asked me if she might remain while I administered the last rites. As the dying woman had no objection, I said she might do so. It was a very touching sight, the fervour of the new convert, the Protestant husband and the little child kneeling by the bedside, and the ritualistic lady in earnest prayer.

When I had finished and spoken a few words of comfort to the perfectly resigned and happy woman, I was about to leave when Miss Casket said to me:

"Father Cuthbert, may I come and see you?"

I told her I should be glad to receive a visit from her; and she promised to call at an hour that was convenient to me.

About half-an-hour after I left, Mrs. Copse died.

According to her promise Miss Caskett called at the presbytery.

"You will think it somewhat strange perhaps, Father Cuthbert, but I have come to ask you to receive me into the Church; I want to become a Catholic!"

I must say I was rather surprised, and I naturally asked her what had led to the resolution she had taken.

"I have been doubting about my position for some little

time," she replied ; "but I still distrusted and doubted the claims of the Roman Church till yesterday. I asked you to let me stay while you gave that happy woman her first and last Communion. The light of Faith came like a flash from heaven. The Truth came like a new revelation. I could no longer doubt. I felt certain that where she had found peace and grace I should find it. I said, 'I, too, will join the Church.' When I had made that resolve I felt happy and full of peace. In that moment the unreality of Ritualism manifested itself to me : the truth, the reality, the glory of the Catholic Church became evident. Cost what it may I must become a Catholic."

Then she spoke to me of her mother's death : of the ministrations of a low-church clergyman who believed in the real absence in the communion : of her horror when he explained to her mother that "Christ was not in the hands but in the heart," that she received by faith alone. She then spoke of her greater horror when she found he had left several pieces of the sacramental bread behind. She had tried to gather up every crumb and receive it reverently. It was her first great shock as to the truth of the Anglican Church. "If," she said, "my cousin Basil's views of the teaching of the Anglican Church are correct, then all her ministers are priests, all must really consecrate the bread and wine, and then—— oh, Father Cuthbert, it was too horrible to contemplate! All these three hundred years and more of disrespect, of sacrilege! Was it not better to believe with my mother that they were not priests, and that God was at least spared that monstrous reiterated indignity, that continuous sacrilege? What continuity was this? Then came your administration of

the Viaticum The dying convert's faith, your faith, your priesthood; and you were only one among the countless thousands of priests who believed the selfsame truth, acted in the selfsame manner; and she only one among many millions of a world-wide Church who, with their priests, were one in their undivided faith concerning the Real Presence. It was a revelation of the truth in all its majestic unity."

She explained to me that whilst at Spillbrook she had been once with her friends to an early Mass, and was much impressed by the quiet beauty of the simple Roman rite. She had also frequently slipped into the little Catholic Church alone and prayed before the Blessed Sacrament. "But," she added, "I had no doubts as to my position. I felt I was right. Surely, I said to myself, there can be nothing wrong in coming into this church and making a visit to the Divine Master present therein in the Sacrament of His love. There was our Lord. It was a punishment in our branch of the Church, I held, that we had not the privilege of reservation: for this and other graces we must pray. But even then I had very great doubts and strong mistrust of the Roman Church. I had not the gift of Faith."

I explained to her what her conversion would cost her.

"Yes," she said, "I have counted the cost. I must give up all idea of marrying my cousin Basil. I could not wed an Anglican clergyman!—and then he is my cousin. I know what the Church teaches about the marriage of first cousins—they are almost as brothers and sisters. I must and always shall love him most dearly, and the sacrifice will be great: but it must and shall be made."

After careful instruction she was received into the Church. On the day in which she made her First Communion she was confirmed. That same evening she wrote a long and affectionate letter to her cousin, Rev. Basil Walters, in Canada, giving him a full account of her conversion, and of her reception into the One True Fold.

PART II.

The Reverend Basil Walters was working zealously according to the light of his conscience for the propagation of the Anglican Church in Canada. He was thoroughly in earnest. It never struck him to apply his own principles, at that time, to his own theory and practice of ministration in the Anglican Communion. He saw everything in the Catholic Church through Anglican spectacles. What attracted him, he distrusted; and what repelled him simply drew the veil closer over his spiritual vision. He looked upon himself as a priest with valid Orders and with a mission to the members of the Church of England in Canada. It never once entered into his mind that, if the "Italian" or "Roman Mission," as the Ritualists are always asserting, had no right in England, it naturally followed that the Anglicans had no right in Canada, where the "Roman Mission" had already been long in possession. He had gone out with a grand idea of his work. As a celibate clergyman, without let or hindrance, without wife or any affection that might divide his heart from his work, he would do his duty in his "branch of the Catholic Church." He returned to England after a successful term of missionary work—successful according to the view of

the Anglican. He was thoroughly in earnest; full of his work, full of his future prospects, full of thoughts of self-sacrifice and the service of religion.

He went to see his cousin Seppie Caskett. They had been playmates together, and he had always been a great favourite with her mother, his aunt. He had known Seppie as a child: he a great gaunt, untamed lad at a public school, she a fair little girl some ten years his junior. A young man of twenty engrossed in his collegiate studies does not generally fall in love with a little lassie of ten; but as the years go on, the progress of time makes a vast difference. He always found pleasant companionship in the bright and sprightly girl, and was always a welcome visitor at her home.

But this visit of the man of thirty, was it not, humanly speaking, dangerous? His cousin Seppie was no longer a child: she had grown into womanhood, and a fine handsome, educated and attractive woman she was.

Basil was full of the strength and vigour of healthy manhood. "Love's young dream" had never broken upon his life. Seppie was the little child with whom he had played, whom he had teased, whom he had loved in a brotherly way—and he was a priest, so he thought; and he argued that he was destined to serve religion in the unmarried state. When he came on that short holiday to visit the mother and daughter in that charming country spot, he little dreamt of what would be the end of a fortnight's sojourn there. Long walks together across the meadows and hills, long rambles by lonely streams and in the silent woods, with the glorious tingle of the blood of health in their veins, developed new feelings of stronger

affection for each other in the hearts of the two cousins.

It came upon them as the tide rises on the sea-shore, as the mists creep over the plain, as the clouds come down the mountains, as the sunlight bathes the earth when the dawn breaks in the early morn—they were without knowing it enamoured of each other. They had fallen in love. Before Basil left that quiet country spot, his old ideas of celibacy, of the work of an unmarried clergyman, had vanished. He had engaged himself to marry Seppie after another brief sojourn in Canada.

He had given his cousin her engagement ring, and he went back to his missionary work with a divided heart. It was not now all in his work—he had now something else to care for: but still he worked on, and according to his conscience did his duty. Some day in pastoral England, in some rural spot, in some quiet rectory, in charge of one of the dear old churches which bound his country to the Catholic past, amid a simple village folk, Seppie would, he thought, help him in his great work.

Somehow or other, it seemed to have lowered the standard of the sacerdotal office. The experience, however, of his newly-found delight and happiness so absorbed his leisure moments, that he had no time to reflect on the deterioration of the motive of his ministerial labours. The married clergy, after all, he argued, had a great work; and a good wife would be a great help and comfort and assistance. So he thought, and so he satisfied his conscience as to the change of his views. He would work hard, he would return to England as soon as possible and settle down to work in the old land. After all was there not a great work to be done in raising the moral position of his

own depraved and neglected countrymen? And now that Seppie's mother was dead, he was all the more anxious to return to England.

Basil Walters had carefully planned his future life, but there was a Providence over-ruling all his plans, and he little thought how different all things would turn out and how swiftly all his day-dreams would end. He was destined to wake up to a new life and to face a stern reality which would change the whole of his existence. The letter which he wrote to his cousin will explain all.

'My dearest Seppie," he wrote, "I am somewhat anxious at not hearing from you for so long a time, but there are often many delays in the mails reaching me, and many letters to others have either been delayed, or to my knowledge gone wrong. I am still daily expecting your letter. You may, at the same time, be wondering at my long silence. It is some three months since I wrote to you, and then I told you that I was on the eve of starting for a long journey up country. That was in the early spring. The great thaws were over, and under the influence of the genial warm south wind the traces of winter were rapidly disappearing. I left my own little shanty and wooden mission-room, and told my people that they need not expect me back for two or three weeks, as I knew my peregrinations would take some time; my purpose being to visit some very outlying families. I set out on horseback, just carrying with me what I needed for the journey. I knew that I should be able to get my board and lodging at the farms I might pass on my way.

"I had been absent some days, and enquiring the whereabouts of a certain family was told the direction in which they had located themselves. By the old trail I could get to them in about six or eight hours—but by taking a small river by the ford, which they pointed out, and cutting across country I was assured I should save half the distance, and get to my journey's end before nightfall. This was a consideration, as it was then getting late in the afternoon. After some slight refreshment, I pushed on, passed the river and sighted the forest beyond. The monarchs of the forest towered on high, the white and red pines shooting up to an immense height, some of the former at times measuring a hundred feet to the first branch, and reaching nearly a couple of hundred feet in actual height. Large bodies of men are employed in cutting down the timber, forming it in logs and preparing it for the market. These men are called lumber-men, and their dwellings shanties. I knew that there was a large settlement somewhere in the direction in which I was journeying, and that most of those engaged in the lumbering business, and the farmers round about, were Roman Catholics—mostly Irish and Lancashire folk. I had heard it spoken of sometimes as the Irish settlement, sometimes as the Catholic Mission : but I had never visited it, as that particular spot did not fall within the bounds of my ministrations. The night was fast setting in ; and, somehow or other, I lost the trail and still pushed on. Then it grew quite dark, and I found I had completely lost my way. However in the distance I at length saw a light. I urged on my tired horse, and was congratulating myself that I was out of my miserable plight, when suddenly he stumbled, fell

forward, and we rolled down a steep declivity. I shouted; but remembered no more. My descent was stopped at the foot of a tree, and there I lay stunned and unconscious.

"It appears that the light I had seen was a lantern carried by the priest, Father Michael Rooney, who was returning to his mission-house from a sick-call. He heard my cry, and after some searching found me in a very precarious state. He secured help and took me to his own home, and summoned to my aid a young Irish doctor who lived close by. I will not attempt to describe all the kindness and attention that I received.

"When I returned to consciousness I found myself in a pleasant little room, neatly and comfortably furnished. There were some very beautiful engravings of religious pictures on the walls, one or two statues, and a handsome crucifix. I learnt afterwards that this was Father Rooney's own little bedroom, and that I had been moved into it because it had a southern and most pleasant aspect. A nun was sitting in the room quietly reading. When I moved she came to the bedside and asked me did I require anything. I asked where I was, and what had happened. 'You have met with a little accident,' she said, smiling, 'and we are trying to make you well and strong again.' I tried to move my arm, and then realized my position. My arm had been broken, my foot badly sprained, I had received several very severe bruises, and altogether been badly shaken: I was told that I must be very quiet.

"When I was sufficiently recovered I was told about the severity of the accident. For days I had remained unconscious. The young Irish doctor who attended me was an excellent surgeon, and he had done his work well;

and the sister in charge of me was all that could be desired in a patient, careful and skilful nurse. So my recovery was more speedy than I expected. The good priest came in often to see me, but he never spoke to me about religion. What struck me most forcibly was the quiet cheerful way in which he did everything. He always looked on the sunny side of things.

"During my convalescence I did a good deal of reading. 'You'll find some books downstairs,' the Father said to me; 'all sorts of books—light literature included: the Sister will bring you some to choose from.' However I found in the little book-case, in the bedroom, the books which interested me most. These were meditation books in Latin, French, and English, and manuals of devotion, mostly in Latin and French, for the use of priests. I had taken down a volume of meditations out of curiosity in the beginning. After that I spent most of my time reading these books.

"The first thing that struck me was the grand idea of the priesthood which the Church of Rome puts before her priests. I realized then and there that Rome's ideal priest was not ours; that her teaching concerning the priesthood was entirely different to that of the Anglican Church; that if I was a priest at all, I was a priest not in her sense of the word. One of the books I read was for ecclesiastical students, and had evidently been used by Father Rooney when he was at college. It gave me some insight of the preparation that Rome expects in those who are studying for the priesthood. There was the insistence on a divine vocation. All the years of preparation, of study, of formation of habits, of piety, of training, all led up to one idea—

the Sacrifice of the Mass. The Blessed Sacrament was the great central truth—the objective Presence of our Lord. This grand and glorious doctrine was also taught to every child in the Roman Church. The little ones recognized not only the power of the priesthood, but the abiding Presence of their Divine Redeemer. All led up to the great end of life, preparation for the reception of the Holy Communion. There was the great day of the First Communion; there was the obligation of being present at the Holy Mass on Sundays; the reception of the Holy Communion was commanded under pain of sin at least once a year. All these things testified to the intense belief of all the members of that Church in the Real Presence. How different was this from the uncertain and contradictory opinions of Anglican teaching. The priest was the dispenser of the Mysteries of God; and these books treated of his power over the natural Body and the mystical Body of Christ. They insisted on a precise, definite, knowledge of the Sacramental system; and even the rubrics laid down by the Church were shown to be sacred things.

"Again when these books spoke of the saints, and the Holy Mother of God, of purgatory, of indulgences, all was dominated by the same prevailing thoughts of the goodness, the greatness, the mercy of God and the sinfulness of sin. Mary and her prerogative were but revelations of God's love, of God's power, of the beauty of grace, of the reward of man's fidelity. I began to see how the priest's love for the ideal woman, the pure Virgin Mother of God, safeguarded his priesthood, and made him anxious to be be more and more like his Divine Master. Everything in the Church of Rome was simply a means to make man love

his Redeemer more. I had seen these as isolated things and never understood their relation to God. The Roman Catholic religion was a totally different religion from that idea of it which I had been taught.

"The year grew on apace, and in that charming spot where the mission stood, the luxuriance of the early Canadian summer was simply gorgeous. The forests had assumed all the freshness and beauty of their leafy splendour and glorious green. Flowers in greatest variety and richest profusion sprang up on every side, and in the neighbourhood of the presbytery the woods were literally carpeted with them. What nature had done for the earth, so grace had done for my soul. The prodigal riches and glory and beauty of Catholic truth surrounded me. It came, I scarcely knew how or when, like the growth of the beautiful flowers.

"I realized the unity of the Church, the infallibility of Christ's bride without spot or wrinkle, in a most marvellous manner. Not one word of religious controversy had passed between me and the good priest to whom I owed my life; to whose kindheartedness and generosity I owed my returning strength. I had learnt the inner life, the secret strength of the Church of Rome. I had learnt it in her moral training and her religious teaching, in her unhesitating decrees and decisions concerning the Eternal Priesthood, and her inexorable demands of self-sacrifice, piety and obedience in all who sought the high dignity of the sacerdotal office. It was indeed a new revelation.

"The good, simple, cheerful life of the priest with whom I lived, and of those who from time to time visited him, were also object lessons to me. Their faith was one. A

certain German priest and a French priest would greatly amuse me with their arguments and differences on politics and other matters; but in matters of faith they had no opinions, no differences—they were one. I saw for the first time the immense chasm that intervened between opinion and authority—chaos and order.

"Although I thought I knew all about the teaching of the Church of Rome, I now candidly confess that I knew, in reality, absolutely nothing. One false opinion had distorted the whole. I at length realized the infinite difference between the living Church and our nebulous Christianity, between the firm rock and the shifting sand. The Catholic religion is a beautiful whole, complete, perfect, in its magnificent unity. One dogmatic fact fits into, elucidates, depends upon another. It seems strange that all cannot see the divine beauty of the Catholic faith, but distrustful prejudice obscures it even as a lovely landscape is blotted out by the obscuring mist. But the mist rises when the sun shines, and the beauties of nature are spread out before us in all their charming loveliness; so now the dark obscuring prejudices of early education and misrepresentation were dispelled by the bright sunshine of faith, and the unspeakable glory of the promised land of truth lies spread before me.

"After much thought and prayer, and due instruction, I have left Anglicanism and have joined the Church of Rome; have left the city of confusion for the city of peace and unity; the land of bondage for the promised land flowing with milk and honey.

"And so my whole life, with its aims and aspirations, has been altered. And you, dearest Seppie, will all this

alter your love and confidence in me? I believe not. What, then, will be our future? This and many other things we must leave to be discussed when we meet, which will be before long. I have written fully that you may know all.

"You will see by the address that I am still the guest of good Father Rooney. When I left my little homestead and the mission room, I little thought that I was leaving them for good. But so it is. I was happy there, but what was that happiness compared with my present joy? Would that you could feel all the peace and happiness that I now feel. Perhaps my experience may, some day, be yours—God grant it. You know how I pray for you, and how I long to see you and to find you well and strong and happy.

"I leave here in a few days and return to England. You know, dearest Seppie, all I would say to you, and all the joys and blessings I wish you. Whatever else my conversion may bring about, I am sure it will not change your deep and lasting love for your loving cousin, Basil."

Basil Walters at length arrived in England. Imagine his joyful surprise at finding his cousin a Catholic! It was to each of them one of those intense joys of life which make the receiver so supremely happy, that he feels that he can with a grateful heart turn to God and sing his *Nunc dimittis.*

It was arranged that they were to pay a visit to Seppie's Catholic friends at Spillbrook, and at the same time I managed to spend a few days with my old friend Father Dickson.

The grand old down towered majestically above the quiet and sunny town of Spillbrook. On the north side it sloped down some three or four hundred feet into a hollow, rising again on the opposite side. In this hollow stretched a long low valley which was used for a rifle range for the practice of the local volunteers and the coast-guardsmen. Above the target the hill rose somewhat abruptly and joined the down, forming a level beautiful plain covered with heather and gorse, some eight or nine hundred feet above the sea level. On the height overlooking the targets of the rifle range a red danger flag was flying.

The day had been exceptionally fine and hot, and so we arranged in the afternoon to climb the down and walk along the heights. We were returning and had nearly reached the danger signal, when we observed that a large patch of gorse and heather was ablaze. Basil Walters and Seppie were in advance, Father Dickson and myself with the party from the villa were following at some little distance. A slight wind was fanning the flames of the blazing heather, and the smoke was coming towards the party.

"We had better pass between the flag and the fire, and by that means we shall escape the smoke. See, Mr. Walters and Miss Caskett have taken that direction!

"Will it not be dangerous to go so near the flag?" I urged: "the coastguards are practising at the rifle range."

"If we follow Mr. Walters and his cousin, we shall keep out of the barrier and the danger line."

So we went on.

Little did we dream of the ending of that day's pleasant excursion. We heard the occasional crack of the rifle

below in the hollow. Basil Walters and Miss Seppie were nearly abreast of the red flag. Suddenly a cry for help aroused us, and as we hurried forward we found that Basil Walters was supporting the prostrate form of his cousin.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Look!" he said.

Then indeed we realized the sad accident. A bullet from one of the rifles had hit the edge of the iron target, and being diverted upwards had struck Seppie and penetrated the left temple. Death must have been instantaneous.

They buried Seppie Caskett in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the bright town and the blue sea. A simple white marble cross marks her grave.

Basil Walters has gone back to Canada. He has offered himself to the Bishop in whose diocese he received the great grace of the holy faith, and is prosecuting his studies for the priesthood.

When the swift message of death reached his cousin, he told me, they were speaking of the great gift they had received, and of their intense happiness in being Catholics. That very morning they had knelt side by side at the altar rails and received the Holy Communion. Seppie had remarked that their future was in the hands of that merciful Providence which had so sweetly ordered their past.

Soon after her death the letter she had written to her cousin was returned from the post office. By some curious mishap, she had directed it to Australia instead of to Canada!

That envelope, and his own letter to his cousin, Basil Walters handed me previous to his departure for the field of his future labours.

"THE JESUIT OATH"

BY THE REV. JOHN GERARD, S.J.

THERE has recently been presented to the British public the Form of Oath which, as we are informed, "all Jesuits are accustomed to take." A large portion of the public have in consequence been exceedingly shocked, and a large majority of Jesuits equally astonished, never having had a suspicion that they had taken anything of the kind, till they learned their own iniquity from the public prints. The "Oath" is, in fact, a hoary-headed impostor, accustomed to come forward from time to time and harrow the souls of simple-minded folk; though it never ventures to stay with us long, depending, as it largely does, upon obscurity for its efficacy, and even for its existence. On the present occasion it seems to have made a greater sensation than usual. It obtained a conspicuous place in a magazine[1] conducted by Persons of Quality, as exalted in social position as they are undoubtedly "Low" in their theology. It likewise managed to capture a journal usually so sober and sensible as the *Standard* newspaper, which not only printed in full the preposterous document, but made it the text of some

[1] *The Ladies' League Gazette.*

very sage and solemn observations in a leading article. As a specimen of the nonsense readily credited by men otherwise sensible, when there is question of anything derogatory to the Catholic Church or her clergy, this wonderful production must be cited at length :

I, A.B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael, the Blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the Saints and the Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you my Ghostly Father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that His Holiness Pope Leo is Christ's Vicar General, and is the true and only Head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth, and that, by the virtue of the Keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical Kings, Princes, States, Commonwealths, and Governments, all being illegal without his Sacred Confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine and His Holiness's rights and customs against all usurpers, especially against the new pretended authority and the Church of England and all adherents in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical King, Prince, or State, named Protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior Magistrates or officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of others of the name Protestants to be damnable, and they themselves are damned and to be damned that will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of His Holiness's agents in any place in which I shall be in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or Kingdom I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended power, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed to assume any religion heretical for propagating of the Mother Church's interests, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time as they interest me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all what shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto

me, by you, my Ghostly Father. All of which I, A.B., do swear by the Blessed Trinity and Blessed Sacrament, which I now am to receive, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call the Heavenly and glorious Host of Heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof I take this holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal this day Ann. Dom., &c.

It might be supposed that the patent absurdity of this ridiculous document would, in these enlightened days at any rate, effectually preclude all danger of its being taken seriously. Should, however, anything more be required, we have not to go far to find it. As has been said, given proper intervals to refresh itself, the Oath seems able to "run" indefinitely on its native soil; but having incautiously ventured, about ten years ago, on a trip to Germany, it there met with experiences of a most unfortunate character. Though, at first, eagerly taken up, it was presently dropped and denounced by the most bitterly anti-Catholic organs as an utter fraud which no well-informed person could swallow. The details of its rebuffs may be read in Father B. Duhr's *Jesuiten-Fabeln*. Here it will be enough to say that the *Evangelische Bund*, the German equivalent of our Protestant Alliance, styled it a "clumsy fabrication" (*eine plumpe Falschung*); while the official organ of this body, the *Täglische Rundschau*, implored Protestants not to give themselves away by accepting such rubbish, thus playing into their enemies' hands, and "drawing water to the Ultramontane mill."

But it is not sufficient to be sure that such a document is a forgery; we naturally desire to learn

something of its real history ; to discover whence it came, and to whom we owe it. Fortunately it is possible to satisfy such wholesome curiosity. We are able to determine the stock of which it comes ; to trace the stages of its development ; to identify the grub that has produced the butterfly ; and, best of all, the brain in which the grub was hatched. Considered merely as an example of evolutionary progress, the history is both interesting and instructive ; while the personality of the author of it all, when he unexpectedly enters upon the scene, imports a sense of assurance that now we have got down to the bed-rock of falsity, beneath which it were as useless to seek farther as to look for coal below granite.

Starting backwards from the Form of Oath as given above, the first link in the chain which I have been able to examine is a little pamphlet printed at Cheltenham, in 1847. The form which this gives differs from ours in one particular only, which, however, is by no means without importance. Instead of "Pope *Leo*," the earlier edition reads "Pope *Urban*," a variation to be considered presently.

Our next step backwards is a long one ; to the palmy days of mendacity, when Titus Oates ruled the roast. Here our friend the Oath turns up again, its guise somewhat altered, as well as its character ; but its identity unmistakable in spite of all. It is now no longer a Jesuits' but a Conspirators' Oath ; —"The Papists' Oath of Secrecy, administered to those who engage in the present Plot." It is "discovered" by Robert Bolron, gentleman, described

in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as "Robert Bolron, Informer," to whom it was said to be given by a priest, William Rushton, out of whose Breviary he transcribed it. Bolron had certainly been a Protestant most of his life; it does not appear certain that he ever became or professed to become a Catholic. He got into trouble for embezzlement of money; and his accomplice, Maybury, who corroborated his stories, was convicted of theft. What is still more significant—when we regard the temper of the time—old Sir Thomas Gascoigne, against whom these worthies gave evidence as a Papist plotter, was acquitted by a jury. Such was Robert Bolron, who took the Oath which the House of Commons (December 16, 1680) ordered him to print. It runs as follows:

I, Robert Bolron, being in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, the Blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles Saints Peter and Paul, and all the Saints in Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly Father, do declare and in my heart believe the Pope, Christ's Vicar General, to be the true and only Head of Christ's Church here on earth, and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing, given to his Holiness by our Saviour Christ, he hath power to depose all heretical Kings and Princes, and cause them to be killed. Therefore, to the uttermost of my power, I will defend this doctrine, and his Holiness's rights, against all usurpers whatever, especially against the now pretended King of England, in regard that he hath broke his vows with his Holiness's Agents beyond seas, and not performed his promises of bringing into England the Holy Roman Catholic religion.

I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to the said pretended King of England, or any of his inferior officers and magistrates, but do believe the Protestant doctrine to be heretical and damnable, and that all are damned which do not forsake the same, and to the best of my power will help his Holiness's Agents here in England to extirpate and root

out the said Protestant doctrine, and to destroy the said pretended King of England, and all such of his subjects as will not adhere to the Holy See of Rome, and the Religion there professed.

I further do promise and declare that I will keep secret and private, and not divulge directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance, whatever shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered to me, by you, my Ghostly Father, or any other engaged in the promotion of this pious and holy design; and that I will be active, and not desist from the carrying of it on; and that no hopes of reward, threats or punishments, shall make me discover the rest concerned in so pious a work, and, if discovered, shall never confess any accessories with myself concerned in this design.

All which I do swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Blessed Sacrament, which I now purpose to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolable; and do call all the Angels and Saints in Heaven to witness my real intention to keep this Oath.

In testimony whereof, I do receive this most Holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist.

In spite of the remarkable variations which it contains, this oath is unquestionably our old friend, adapted to special circumstances. The exact character of its relationship with the "Jesuit Oath" is a question full of interest. Though stamped so strongly and unmistakably with the family lineaments, Bolron's Oath, as for distinction' sake it may be styled, shows evident signs of having been affected by external influences; and, as we shall see, departs from the genuine type of its race in very important particulars.[1]

[1] Bolron's edition of the Oath is printed as a broadsheet, headed, *The Papist's Oath of Secrecy*, by Randal Taylor. Also in Bolron's own narrative, to which is added a Papist's Litany, containing nothing objectionable, though some of the Saints invoked are little known. The narrative is to be found in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vii. 293.

It must doubtless be considered a very uncanny circumstance

But we have not yet run our quarry to earth, although our chase has led us to the spot where this appears to become possible. Titus Oates had a worthy ally in the person of Robert Ware, although the pair took different lines in their common work. While Oates perjured himself, Ware forged. The former, it is true, did more harm at the time, causing innocent blood to be shed like water ; but the work of his colleague the penman has been far the more enduring. It is simply appalling to think of the mischief which this one scoundrel has been able to effect in the way of poisoning the sources of our history, and investing malignant slanders with the semblance of respectable authority. His performances do not appear to have been for the most part even suspected, till, a few years ago, the late Father Bridgett, in his *Blunders and Forgeries*, tracked them out and ruthlessly gibbeted them. To this admirable specimen of historical work I must refer those who desire to know more about the villain of the piece. Here let it suffice briefly to say how Robert Ware contrived to practice his deceptions so effectively. His father, Sir James Ware, having transcribed many genuine documents, the son interpolated his fabrications amongst the transcripts, wherever he found a sufficient space left blank, thus

connected with Bolron's revelations, that the evidence by which most of them were supported was discovered at *Stonyhurst;* evidence "which was found in the closet of Edward Cottam, a Jesuit, in the house of Richard Sherborne, Esq., of Stonyhurst, in the county of Lancaster." Thus does history anticipate herself. It should be added that at this period there was no Jesuit of the name of Edward Cottam. (See *Stonyhurst Centenary Record*, p. 67, note.)

sowing his tares among the good grain and trading upon the reputation of his parent.

His consistent object was to vilify and traduce the Catholic Church. As Father Bridgett writes : "The forgeries of Robert Ware began in 1678, contemporaneously with the revelations of Titus Oates, and continued for some years. Ware did not appear as an accuser or a witness in a court of justice ; his forgeries in books and pamphlets were not directed against living men ; yet by his historical lies he helped to win credit for the monstrous stories of the 'Popish Plot,' as being in harmony with former events and past discoveries, and there are several of his baseless fabrics repeated in the publications, even of the last few years, by writers to whom the name of Robert Ware is almost or entirely unknown." It is in fact impossible to say when history will be entirely purged of his slime, and in studying the genesis of our Oath we come upon his trail once more.

Various of his fabrications were decanted for popular use in books bearing picturesque titles,—*The Hunting of the Romish Fox*, and *Foxes and Firebrands*. In the former is given a form of Oath required to be taken by all who entered the Catholic Seminaries beyond the seas, which is said to have been drawn up in 1580, a century before Bolron's time. In this may be detected the rudimentary but unmistakable features of the more developed article :

I, A.B., do acknowledge the ecclesiastical and political power of his Holiness and the Mother Church of Rome, as the chief head and Matron above all pretended Churches throughout the whole earth ; and that my zeal shall be for

St. Peter and his successors, as the Founder of the true and ancient Catholique Faith, against all heretical Kings, Princes, States, or Powers repugnant to the same. And although I, A.B., may pretend (in case of persecution or otherwise) to be heretically disposed, yet in soul and conscience I shall help, aid, and succour the Mother Church of Rome, as the ancient and Apostolic Church. I, A.B., further do declare not to act or contrive any matter or thing prejudicial unto her, or her sacred Orders, doctrines, or commands, without the leave of her supreme power or its authority under her appointed, or to be appointed; and when so appointed, then to act or further her interest more than my own earthly gain or pleasure, as she and her head, his Holiness and his successors, have, or ought to have, the supremacy over all Kings, Princes, Estates, or Powers whatsoever, either to deprive them of their crowns, sceptres, powers, privileges, realms, countries, or governments, or to set up others in lieu thereof, they dissenting from the Mother Church and her commands.

Although this document certainly does not date from the period claimed for it, there can be no doubt that it has much the appearance of a first experiment towards the elaboration of such an Oath as is now forthcoming. We find in it, in embryo, the main ideas which evidently governed the composition of the others, in which these elements have been expanded and rearranged. But of one thing there appears to be no doubt—the "Seminary Oath" and the "Jesuit Oath" issued from the same mint. Both are earmarked with Robert Ware's characteristic token. First, we have the phrase *Mother Church* occurring in each more than once. Of this he seems to have found it as impossible to steer clear as it was for Mr. Dick to keep King Charles's head out of his memorial. "He puts it," says Father Bridgett, "in every document, which is supposed to emanate from Popes or Jesuits, whether composed in Latin or English." Moreover, we find in both

these forms a clause about pretending to be of another religion, which is no less characteristic. The idea that Catholic priests, especially Jesuits, were allowed, and even enjoined, to simulate heresy for Catholic ends, which every Catholic knows to be utterly absurd, was a dominant note of Ware's, and regularly figures in his concoctions. It is, in fact, embodied in the very title of his book, *Foxes and Firebrands;* the Foxes being the Jesuits, and the Firebrands denoting the insidious havoc which, after the manner of Samson's foxes, they wrought in the standing corn of the Evangelical Philistines.

It is not a little remarkable that in Bolron's version, the general features of which resemble the Jesuit Oath so closely, these particular birthmarks are wanting: which is what was meant by saying that it shows more traces of another hand, retouching and adapting the original work, than either of the other versions. It is, however, impossible to avoid the conclusion that all three versions are radically one, and have been variously dished up and flavoured at various periods as the change of circumstances suggested.

Though we have not as yet tracked the Oath as we first saw it to its original lair, it is evident that, as children say, we are getting "hot." We can, moreover, make a near guess as to the direction in which it is to be sought. It will be remembered that the Cheltenham edition above mentioned spoke of Pope *Urban*, and was therefore evidently taken from an original purporting to date from the pontificate of a Pope so named. This can only be Urban VIII., who reigned from 1623 to 1644, a

period for which Robert Ware furnished a good deal of history.

There is likewise another point to note. The modern reproducers of the Jesuit Oath invariably tell us that it rests on the highly respectable authority of Archbishop Usher, though they never give any indication as to where in all his voluminous works it is to be found. Needless to say, we shall not find it anywhere, nor anything like it.

"Archbishop Usher" means, in fact, neither more nor less than "Robert Ware." Once more we strike the scent of what Father Bridgett calls "this literary skunk." How he came to achieve the feat of annexing so respectable name is a curious, if not very edifying, story, which the topic engaging our attention well illustrates.

As voucher for the information he gives about the Seminary Oath, Ware cites *Cecil's Memorials*, p. 196. What man he means, or what document, would be a puzzle, but for information supplied by his friend Nalson, who wrote the first part of *Foxes and Firebrands*, Ware contributing the second. There we read the story of a Dominican who feigned to be a Protestant, "being an extract out of the Memorials of the Lord Cecil, an eminent statesman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; from whose papers it was transmitted to the Reverend Bishop Usher. . . . These papers of the Lord Primate coming to the hands of Sir James Ware, Knt., his son, Robert Ware, Esq., has obliged the public by the communication of them." Of course, Robert Ware, Esq., further obliged the public by the manufacture of them; but the fraud not being

detected, and Usher's being a good name, Strype and others freely, but most inexcusably, quoted as having Usher's authority what they found only in Ware's books; saying little or nothing of Ware himself. They were thus led, as Father Bridgett shows, to accept and publish many gross forgeries.

The truth of the matter proves to be exactly as these various indications lead us to anticipate. We find the Oath produced by Robert Ware, assigned by him to the very period mentioned above, and fathered in very express terms upon Usher. Evidently, Ware took great pains with his work, which accounts for its extraordinary staying-power, but a proud man would he doubtless have been could he have known that among the captives of his long-bow and spear were to be numbered journalists of the twentieth century.

In the third part of *Foxes and Firebrands* (1689), which is entirely by Robert Ware (though catalogued in the British Museum only under the pseudonym *Philirenes*), we read (pp. 171, *seq.*) as follows :—

"Having a collection of Romish policies, contrived by the Clergy and Orders of that Church, to nullify the Reformation of the Church of England, as they were collected formerly from and among the papers of the Most Reverend James Usher, sometime Archbishop of Armagh; and finding them useful, especially for these perilous days, to be divulged, and put forth to public view, I shall place them according to the copy, after this manner following:

"Anno 1636. *The Oath of Secrecy devised by the Roman Clergy, as it remaineth on record at Paris,*

amongst the Society of Jesus; together with several Dispensations and Indulgences granted to all Pensioners of the Church of Rome, who disguisedly undertake to propagate the Faith of the Church of Rome, and her advancement. Faithfully translated out of French.

"*This Oath was framed in the Papacy of Urban the 8th.*

"*Note how the Pope and Rome dispenses with her Emissaries, to assume outwardly any Religion.*"

Having thus introduced it with due pomp and circumstance to impress his readers' minds with the genuine nature of the document, Ware proceeds to print it in Gothic characters, thus investing it still further with the semblance of antiquity. It is exactly the same as the Oath from which we started, differing from what may be called the Standard Version—over and above a few clerical errors in the latter—only in the substitution of Pope Urban for Pope Leo.

This then is the true history of the Oath, which, in spite of common-sense, many people will persist in believing to be taken by all Jesuits, none of whom would do anything of the sort for any consideration whatsoever. It is the malicious and slanderous fabrication of a notorious scoundrel, the worthy ally of Titus Oates, one of the most disreputable villains recorded in history.

APPENDIX

As a pendant to the above history it appears advisable to give in full the form of the vows actually taken by Jesuits, according to the various grades within the Order to which they are admitted; these being the only sort of oath of which they know anything. It is frequently supposed that these vows are kept profoundly secret from all the world, and must therefore contain horrible things. As a matter of fact, they are to be found in the book of the Institute, of which every considerable library has a copy—that of the British Museum has several. Upon the nature of these Vows, readers will form their own opinion. At present it will suffice to observe that "Solemn Vows" bind the Order to the individual, as well as the individual to the Order; that such Vows must always be taken *publicly*, or they are not valid; that the Professed of Four Vows, in whose hands is the supreme executive and legislative power, are bound by the special obligation peculiar to themselves (the Fourth Vow), to start at a word from the Pope to preach the Faith to any nation however distant or barbarous.

I.—*Vows taken by "Scholastics" on the conclusion of their Novitiate.*

Almighty and Eternal God, I, NN., though altogether unworthy of Thy Divine Presence, yet relying upon Thine infinite mercy, and impelled by the desire of serving Thee, in presence of the most holy Virgin Mary and of all the Court of Heaven, do vow to Thy Divine Majesty perpetual Poverty,

Chastity, and Obedience in the Society of Jesus; and I promise that I will enter the said Society to spend my entire life therein—all things being understood according to the Constitutions of the same Society. Wherefore I suppliantly beg of Thine illimitable goodness and clemency, by the Blood of Jesus Christ, that Thou wouldst deign to accept this Holocaust in the odour of sweetness, and as Thou hast given me grace to desire and make this offering, wouldst also give it abundantly so to perform.

II.—*Solemn Vows of "Spiritual Coadjutors."*

I, NN., promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and to you, Rev. Father A. B., Superior-General of the Society of Jesus holding the place of God, and to your successors (*or*, to you, Rev. Fr. C. D., representing the Rev. Fr. A. B., . . . and his successors), perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience in the Society of Jesus, and, moreover, special care of the instruction of youth, according to the tenour of the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions of the said Society.

(*Place and Date.*)

III.—*Solemn Vows of "Temporal Coadjutors" (Lay-brothers).*

I, NN., promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and to you, Rev. Father . . . perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience in the Society of Jesus, according to the tenour of the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions of the said Society.

(*Place and Date.*)

IV.—*Solemn Vows of the Professed.*

I, NN., make my Profession, and promise to Almighty God in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and all here present, and to you, Rev. Father . . . perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience in the Society of Jesus, and, moreover, special care of the instruction of youth, according to the mode of life contained in the Apostolic Letters of the Society of Jesus and its Constitutions. I also promise special obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff regarding Missions, as is set forth in the same Apostolic Letters and Constitutions.

(*Place and Date.*)

V.—*Simple Vows taken by the same after Profession.*

I, NN., Professed of the Society of Jesus, promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and before the Rev. Father A. B. . . . that I will never in any manner contrive or consent that the ordinances of the Constitutions of the Society concerning Poverty should be altered; unless at any time there should appear to be just cause for further restriction.

I likewise promise that I will never so act or devise, even indirectly, as to be chosen for or promoted to any prelacy or dignity within the Society.

Likewise I promise that I will never strive for any ambition or prelacy or dignity outside the Society, nor consent to my election to such, so far as I am able, unless I be compelled by obedience to one who has power to command me under pain of sin.

Also, should I know that any one is seeking or ambitioning dignities of either kind, I will forthwith inform the Society or its General.

Moreover, I promise that should I ever be thus forced to undertake the charge of any Church, I will, in respect of the care to which I am bound both of my own soul and the right discharge of the duty laid upon me, show such deference towards the General of the Society as never to refuse to hear what advice he may deign to give me, either directly or through another. And I promise that I will act upon such advice should it appear to be better than what has occurred to myself; all things being understood according to the Constitutions and Declarations of the Society of Jesus.

(*Place and Date.*)

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